

MEMOIRS OF THE Shakespear's-Head

IN COVENT-GARDEN:

In which are introduced
Many entertaining ADVENTURES,
And several remarkable
CHARACTERS.

By the GHOST of SHAKESPEAR.

I'd take the Ghost's Word for a thousand Pounds.

HAMLET.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MDCCLV.

THE MEMOIRS

OF THE

SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD

IN CONVENT-GARDEN

IN THE YEAR 1709

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SHAKESPEARE

AND JOHN SHAKESPEARE

CHARACTERS

BY THE GHOST OF SHAKESPEARE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.





TO

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

SIR,

THE Editor of the ensuing Sheets hopes you will excuse his inscribing them to you, as a small Acknowledgement of the many Obligations he lies under to you; your Friendship having exerted itself in his Favour, at a Time when he had very little Reason to expect it, and having been of the most material Service to him; which he will never blush to own.

These Adventures were pen'd in a Retirement where no Books were to be had, and intended purely for Amusement, without any Design of Publication; to which they have been forc'd by some Friends who imagin'd

DEDICATION.

imagin'd them interspers'd with Strokes of Humour that would not prove disagreeable to the Public: Should they chance to please you, he will be convinc'd they have not err'd in their Judgment.

This one Thing he can safely declare, that no Character in the whole, was intended for any particular Person, and therefore he hopes, should Folly or Impertinence choose to adopt or apply them, he shall stand acquitted, who takes the Liberty to subscribe himself,

S I R,

Your most oblig'd

humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

Characters in this Work.

The Ghost of *Shakespear*.

M E N.

Louvre, a Dancing-Master.

Jack, a Waiter.

Bourdel, an Actor.

Buskin, an Actor.

Spaltham, a Painter.

Gamut, a Musician.

Stanza, a Poet.

Jack Racquet.

Sir Humphrey Addle.

Commodore Bilge.

Lord Lubber.

Lord Stubble.

Sir John Indolent.

Dr. Diamond.

Sprightly.

Lord Frake.

Dick Cue.

Justice President.

Lord Prigear.

Collonel Leapwell.

Lord Feeblefort.

Lock, Constable of the Night.

Bijoux, a Virtuoso.

'Squire Despair.

Collonel Oddity.

Captain Funk.

Sir Hobinol Trail.

'Squire Trail.

Collonel Spadoon.

Dick Buffet.

Lord Touchit.

Lord Lightsence.

Parson Canter.

Sir John Civil.

Lord Bludgeon.

Sir Jasper Rapine.

Tom Squander.

Marquis of Mendax.

Captain Waddle.

Monsieur De Fourbe.

Duke of Doubletouch.

Lord Headless.

Lord Rattle.

Sir Peter Grievous.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Havemin, a Tally-woman.

Lady Vapour.

Lady Waddle.

Betty Careless.

Poll French.

Mrs. Dieaway.

Mrs. Latimore.

Nan Featherstone.

Characters in this Work.

Fenny Driver.

Miss Hedgely.

Fenny Dabble.

Nancy Chiswick.

Nan Griffith.

Lady Shapely.

Miss Nellguard.

Celia Winover.

Charlotte Whim.

Lady Leech.

Kitty Ogle.

Nell Riggle.

The puissant Duke of —.

ERRATA.

Page 8, line 1, for *most* read *more*.

Page 15, line 18, for *Paltham* read *Spaltham*.

ME



MEMOIRS

OF THE

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*The Introduction. A Night-Scene in
the Shakespear, embellished with
the Appearance of an unexpected
Guest. His Reasons for the Visit,
and his Grievances amply set forth.*

 Scholar of *Salamanca* having
made his escape from some
very imminent Danger over
the Tops of the Houses, broke thro'

VOL. I.

B

the

the first Sky-light that offered to view, and fell into the Labaratory of a Magician; where, breaking a Phial (on being pressed by an Invisible Voice) he set at liberty the famous little Gentleman, known by the Name of the *Devil upon Crutches*; who unveil'd to him the most secret Intrigues and Combinations in that City: These are to be found faithfully set down, by *Monsieur Le Sage*, in his Book intitl'd *Le Diable Boiteaux*.

I have mentioned this, because, the strange Accident which occasion'd the Relations, I am about to make, was something similar.

I had supp'd merrily, with a few select Friends, in the Tavern, known by the Name of *the Shakespear's Head*, when, it growing late, my Companions

nions departed to their several Mansions, while, for my part, I chose to remain till I had emptied my last Pipe, and drawn to the Dregs, the remains of a Bottle of *Harry Delamain's* Burgundy.

*And now the Bat had ta'en his cloister'd flight,
And to black Hecate's summons the shard-born Beetle
With its drowsy Hum, had rung Night's yawning Peal.*

I nodded over my Flask; nor did I feel interruption from the Noise made in the next Room, by *Poll French*, *Tom Squander*, and some other Bucks and Lasses of equal Spirit: Neither was I disturbed, by the hoarse Watchman's bellowing, past one; nor the musical Voice and Art of the fair *Tyrolese*, who, in the Yard, play'd over such Strains as had a dying Sound. *Morpheus* had laid his Leaden

Mace upon me, and closed my Eyes
from care and mortal Coil.

When a hollow, but yet pleasing
Voice, founding in my Ear, at once
dispell'd my Slumber, and awak'd
me; I rous'd, and, looking round,
beheld at my Elbow, a Figure in
every Part resembling that we see
drawn for *Shakespear*: There ran a
sacred Tremor thro' my Limbs, I
rose confus'd, and, bowing, own'd
the Presence of the laurel'd Shade;
then address'd him, in his own
Words, as *Hamlet* does his Father,

What would thy gracious Figure?

I would have proceeded, but he inter-
rupted me, and thus began.

To you have I chosen to reveal
my present Griefs; (for tho' a Spirit

I have my Griefs; which may be something abated in this Confidence) for I know you love *me*, and my Memory; besides, Nature has endowed you with a Curiosity that will lead you to listen with Patience to my Detail.

You have been informed by those who have written my Life, that in my Years of Nonage and of Folly, I was oblig'd to fly to *London*, for trespassing in a Park, not far from where I lived; and it has been lately revealed to the World, that my Distresses in *London*, consequential to my Elopement, reduc'd me to the Necessity of holding the Horses of Persons of Quality, who rode to the Play, as was then the Custom; from which Occupation my Diligence rais'd me to the Theatre; of

which I have since been stil'd the
Father.

Yet, credit me, my Friend, in
this low Scene of Life, which you
may be sure press'd hard upon a
Fancy so luxuriant; an Imagination
so warm as mine: I felt not half the
heart-corroding Cares, that have
gnaw'd my Soul, since fix'd the
Guardian of this *Bacchanalian Temple*,
a Post allotted to punish me for the
Errors of my youthful Conduct.
Twenty Years have I here presid'd;
nor will my Probation be compleated
in twenty more; however at the End
of every twenty Years I am allowed
a Conference with some one Person.
'Tis your Lot to be the first. Then
listen attentively, until I recount
such Things, as when revealed, will
make my Spirits light as Air;
until

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 7

until a Train of newer Scenes arise again to weigh me down.

Lift! be attentive! interrupt me not! except a very necessary Question offers, while I unfold to you many strange Secrets, which will surprise the World. While I strip off their gaudy Plumage, who impose with the false Lustre of a splendid Outside on the Credulity of Mankind: Observe those whom I shall shew you in their native Characters; mark them as they pass; and you will find the sanctify'd Clergyman, an arch Hypocrite; the bluff Captain, a kick'd Coward; the noble Count, a *Swiss* Peasant; the assuming Doctor, an ignorant Quack; and the modest Matron, a most luscious Harlot; some Harlots Women of Virtue, tho' not of Chastity; and the Wo-

man of Chastity the most despicable Character ; you will find the Gamester often a fair Dealer, and the apparently fair Dealer an arrant Cheat ; the Lord a Sharper ; the Gentleman a Mountebank ; and a Player a Gentleman ; an honest Man with a bad Character ; and the Villain with the Title of a Man of Honour : These, as they have pass'd before me, in a regular Succession, for two hundred and sixty Moons past, will I raise to your View, as they appear'd to me.

But pray, says I, much honour'd Shade, won't some of these heroic Folks, be for kicking me out of their Company, when they discover my Intrusion ? As for you, you need not fear their Anger, or their Malice ; you have your old Cloak
of

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 9

of Air, to wrap yourself up in, which will keep you warm and safe. But consider, Sir, I have a handfom Nose, my Limbs are none of the worst, and it would be of no earthly Advantage to 'me to have these broke, or that flatten'd to my Face; and then, Sir, I have a mortal Aver- sion to *Cyclops*, I am so fond of my Eyes.

Hold, Sir, he cry'd, why this unnecessary Interruption? Depend on me, and all your Fears are ground- less. Take this Wand, be silent, follow me, and observe; with this thou shalt become invisible to mortal Sight; but let not a single Circum- stance thou seest, a Word, I say, escape the Volume of thy Brain. Register it safely; that when we part thou may'st set it forth, and

publish it to the wide extended World for Man's Improvement.

The Improvement of Man is indeed a hackney'd Theme; 'tis a Trumpet which every Adventurer in literature now claps to his Mouth, to deceive the unwary, and make Money at *their* Expence; but alas! how very few are there who keep up to the letter of their Proclamation; how often do we find the suppos'd Advocate for Virtue the real Champion of Vice; the Treatise of Morality, a Defence of Libertinism; the Essay on Religion, a Recommendation of Atheism; and Honour and Honesty specious Names for Villainy and Deceit.

It is generally allow'd, that no Man ever understood the Vestiges of the human Heart better than myself; yet

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 11

yet I confess to you, since I have been by cruel Fate destin'd to be the Genius of this House, I have been Witness to Scenes of which I had not the least Notion of; you shall share them with me, and do you apply them as I before ordain'd.



CHAP.



C H A P. II.

A Character of Mr. Louvre, and his remarkable Friend Jack; their mutual Services to each other; Jack's manner of using his Customers; Louvre's Company, his Birth, Education, and engaging as a Figure-dancer with the Manager of Covent-Garden.

BEHOLD that tall meagre Figure now entering the Door, 'tis *Louvre*, a celebrated Dancing-master; perhaps the second in Fame which this City affords: you would imagine that you could see *thro'* that shrivel'd Appearance, if plac'd between you and a lighted Candle; his

his Eyes, which are gaul'd and red, often fail him, and he is never free from a complication of Disorders; yet is this burden to himself a most unexampled Instance of Debauchery, besides (to what I am to attribute it I know not) he's a favorite with the Fair-sex; and he has been often heard to say, no Woman can resist him.

The Town is more obliged to him for fine Girls than to any one pretty Fellow in *England*; yet he hardly ever climbs higher than the Daughter of an Ale-wife or an ignorant Servant-maid; and his scene of Action lies, generally, between *Temple-Bar* and *Charing-Cross*; sometimes he shifts his Quarters to the *Piazza*, and that he calls advancing. I have known him, more
than

than once taken in, and instead of a *Virgin* acquire a *Verolé*.

Jack (who presides over the *Venerable* Pleasures of this Dome) and he are in close Amity. *Louvre* when he has formed a Girl perfectly for Vice, in order to strengthen her in the Institution, introduces her to the Company of all his Friends; his principal End, in this, is indeed Political, for he considers not either their Manners, Station or Reputation, but whether they have Money in their Pockets to club for the Reckoning; and if they like the poor Girl, they have his free Leave to win her; 'tis ten to one but he's provided of a fresh Piece. However, if his late Mistress has, by her slip, lost her Character and disoblinded her Friends, he brings her acquainted with

with *Jack*; who establishes her, if Marketable-ware, and 'tis often otherwise, amongst all the Rakes of the Town one after another, *as a Rose never blown upon*. One Girl, that I mark'd, pass'd thro' the Hands of one hundred and ten People, before it was discover'd that she had ever been misl'd; she was a handsome Woman tho', and had some Sense; a Species of Females that rarely are found in the Catalogue of *Louvre's* Favorites.

His most constant Companions, who generally succeed him one after another in the Embraces of his Mistress, are *Bourdel*, an under-rate Actor; *Paltbam* a Painter, suppos'd Son to an eminent *Italian* Statuary; *Gamat* a celebrated Master of Music; and *Stanza* a young Fellow generally

nerally thought to have some Abilities, as a Poet, a Name by which he is distinguished, tho' he has never given any great Proofs of his Merit. Each of these Persons will pass in Review before you in the Course of our Progress; and are all of them Characters well worth remarking. But *Louvre's* addressing the Waiter, who often gives him the *Retort courteous*, and introduces his Girls, before they have seen much Company, to him. For this ingenious *Major Domo* often affirms, that no Man has more truly the Art of making a Woman a Whore, and eradicating every principle of Virtue from her Heart. These are Arguments it seems in which he's a most subtle *Logician*.

Louvre

Louvre is the Son of an eminent Ship-builder at *Rotherithe*, who bestow'd on him an exceeding good Education; he understands *Latin* indifferently, and some *Greek*; he writes and speaks *Italian* and *French* fluently; and imagines he is a perfect Judge of the *English* Language, in which he is deceiv'd. His Father intended him for the University, and afterwards for the Church; but failing in Business, bound him Apprentice to a Merchant, with whom he liv'd about four Years, and if he behav'd honestly it was all his Merit; for his Neglect was so extremely great, caus'd by his natural Avocation to pleasures, that his Master, who was an exceeding good natur'd Man, warn'd him either to mend his Diligence, or quit his House,

and

and follow the Guidance of his own perverse Disposition ; he chose the latter, and the same Evening apply'd to Mr. *Lun*, who liking his Appearance, accepted of him as a Figure-dancer, and promis'd to make a good Harlequin of him ; at the same time appointing him a handsom Salary.





C H A P. III.

Louvre's Conduct on the Stage, and Attachment to pleasure; he runs in Debt, and marries by way of Ex-trication; parts from his Wife, and becomes acquainted with Mrs. Dieaway, with whom he makes a Tour; an Adventure on the Road; intends a Trick upon a Girl, but is prevented.

HE had now obtain'd the summit of his Wishes, he had Money in his Pocket, jovial Company behind the Scenes, and an Opportunity of freely indulging his passion for the Fair. Tho' he thrived better in the upper Boxes than in the Green-room,

room, by now-and-then bestowing an Order, almost as perswasive a Present to a Lady of Pleasure, as a Bribe to a Courtier; the former indeed tells you 'tis all that she can expect from an Actor, and she has too much Conscience to ask more than she knows a Man can give. I am afraid the latter has *no* Conscience at all.

You may see he was a good Figure, before he became thus emaciated; he is near forty Years old, tho' he don't own thirty, and the Sisters are even now preparing to cut the Thread of his Life; notwithstanding which, he still plunges on in a Course of Iniquity, and seems to think the Hand of Death can never reach him.

He was, in his younger Years, a Favorite with the most celebrated
Women

Women of the Town; his Intrigues with Mrs. *Latimore* and *Nan Featherstone* were no Secret, tho' he forsook them for the Arms of the more experienc'd *Bet Careless*. The two former did not long survive his Desertion; it was reported, indeed, the Cause of their Disorder was something more dreadful than his Perfidy.

His Attachment to Mrs. *Careless* was more on Account of her House, where he liv'd as elegantly as possible, and that Scot free. *Bet Careless*, my Son, was the Predecessor of the neighbouring *Douglass*; however, this, and his Salary together, were not sufficient to support him in some Extravagances, into which he had unwarily plung'd; he was pretty deeply indebted to a Jeweller for Trinkets to present to his
different

different Ladies; and closely press'd for Money by a Tailor, from whom he had two or three elegant Suits of Clothes. To assist him in these Circumstances he married a young *French* Dancer who was rising daily in Reputation on the Stage, and who was certainly a Woman of strict Virtue; he lived with her for about two Years upon very good Terms; and what with a Benefit, and both their Incomes, they muster'd about six hundred Pounds per Year. 'Tis true, he did not entirely forsake his old Companions; but yet he rak'd so privately, that it never came to his Wife's Ears, and tho' he kept very late Hours, he generally had good Manners enough to pretend some plausible Excuse for her Satisfaction, until happening to grapple with

with a Fire-ship, he contracted a flight Infection, which he unknowingly communicated to his Wife.

This was the first Instance she had of his Infidelity; indeed it was a pretty smart one; and being a Woman of a warm Temper, she resented it very highly, venting herself in the most abusive Terms upon him. Sometime after, she put her Ankle out of Joint, and could never so far recover the Use of it, as to exhibit on the Stage; by this Accident he lost almost three Parts of his Income. Their domestic Breaches grew every Day wider and wider; and having no Children, they agreed to part, on allowing her a separate Maintenance. This was no sooner propos'd than he leap'd at the Execution of it, and that Day posted
Bills

Bills for the Sale of his Effects, and letting his House. In short, he and his Wife, in a Week's Time, were quite fix'd in different Lodgings; and visited one another with as much Decorum and distant Civility, as People of the best Education. This proceeded from her greatness of Spirit, for I am sure she loved him very well.

About this Time he became acquainted with Mrs. *Dieaway*, a very fine Woman just arriv'd from *Ireland*; with whom he enter'd into strict Amity. The Summer approaching, they agreed to make a Tour to *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and *York*, and pass over nothing curious that lay in their Way; he was generally speedy in performing his Resolutions, they set out two Days after

after they had talk'd of it, and were three Months in their Circuit; this broke in deeply upon his Stock, for it cost him above three hundred Pounds, but that was little to him in those Days, if a fine Woman was in the Case, tho' he were afterwards to have wanted.

There happen'd nothing very material in this Journey, except in this one Instance of his readiness of Wit, and great presence of Mind on any sudden Emergency.

As they approach'd *Cambridge-Heath*, they were warn'd by several Passengers of some Highwaymen being upon the Road, not far from them. Upon which he call'd to a Servant who attended him on Horseback, (being himself in an open Chaise with his Lady) to reach him

one of his Holster-pistols ; this he readily did ; but on his calling to him for Powder to prime it,—Prime it, Sir, *says the Servant*, why it is not charg'd : what does the Fellow mean ? *says the Master*, give me the Powder and Ball then, in an Instant, that I may charge it, for, damn me, if I am to be robb'd, it shan't be very quietly. Yes, Sir, *says the Servant*, but I forgot to provide either, however, I can ride back to the next Village for some, 'tis but fix Miles off.

This Negligence was far from being pleasing to our Adventurer at this Time, he bestow'd some few Invectives on the Servant, which he certainly merited ; however, laying the Pistol by his Side, he ordered him to stick close, and

and intreating his Charmer not to be frighted, very heroically drove on.

He had not advanced far on the Heath, before he perceived two Men well mounted, and answering the Description given him of the Highwaymen, who divided the Road between them, giving him the Midway, and as he came on, bearing down upon him from each Side. Upon this he made a full stop, gave the Reins into the Hands of the Lady, and standing up in the Chaise, with one Hand cock'd the Pistol, while with the other he seem'd to charge it from a Tooth-pick-case, which he borrow'd from Mrs. *Dearway*, and then stood leaning over the Back

of the Chaise as if determin'd. to resist their Attack.

They halted at the same Time, view'd him earnestly for about a Minute; and then rode off, nor did he quit his Pistol or Position till they were out of sight.

Were People who travel, in general, possess'd of so much presence of Mind, and seemingly collected Resolution, *Tyburn* would not be so well furnish'd as it is.

On his return to town from this Journey, several of his Wife's Friends solicited a Reconciliation between them, which was completed in a short Time, and Mrs. *Dieaway* dismiss'd. He has lived with her ever since upon indifferent good Terms; she's jealous of him to the last Degree, and, tho' she always has

has room to suspect his Constancy, without *Proof positive* of his Falshood, he's sure every Night of a Curtain-lecture. But he has Philosophy enough to let her rail unanswered, and, to tell the truth, she has a smart Tongue.

He has establish'd himself as Teacher to several great Schools, the Profits of which, join'd to that of his other detach'd Scholars, are much larger than what he got by the Stage, which he has left for some Time past. His Wife is certainly truly Honest, ignorant of any Knavery but her Husband's to herself; and it is prodigiously easy to impose upon her.

She is vastly fond of bestowing her Advice, which she does to every Body, without distinguishing whe-

ther or no they stand in need of it; by which the Woman, who naturally means no Offence, often becomes very indifferent Company. She has been heard to preach Sincerity to a Priest, who could not be accus'd of Hypocrisy, yet from her Words you must judge him a bad Man; honesty to a Lawyer, who was really no Knave; and the Necessity of vast Study in Medicine, to one of the most eminent and skilful Physicians in the City. Yet this merely arises from her strong propensity to talking, and not from an Intention of behaving ill.

If she can procure the least Intelligence where her Husband is, she's sure to follow him; and one Night, in this very House, he was oblig'd to hide himself from her search

search under a Lady's Hoop; the Consequence of this Intrusion was the Discovery of his being marry'd, which he had carefully conceal'd, and he was prevented of that Intrigue. The Lady would not have admitted him to so private a Retirement, had not her own Reputation been at stake; and her Features in Danger of Laceration; the one of which would have fallen a Victim to her Nails, the other to her Tongue, had the Inspection of Mrs. *Louvre* been accompany'd with his Discovery. However, for these three Years past, he has shelter'd himself from her Inquiry, by assuming the Title of Sir *Charles Joyous*, so that he is well known at all the Taverns in the Neighbourhood by the Name of Sir *Charles*, and the

Waiters have their Cue to deny him to every body who calls for him by his own Name, without particular Directions to the contrary; so that neither his Wife, nor her Emissaries, can now find out his Haunts.

Louvre finds his Title of Sir Charles, of prodigious Use to him amongst the Women, join'd to a narrow Gold-embroidery on his Coat, and a trump'd-up Story of an old Uncle immensely rich, who is expected to die every Moment, and then he will be Master of a Fortune, that will enable him to support the Woman he loves elegantly.

Sometimes, indeed, his Worship has been found out in little scurvy Tricks, and it is not more than
four

four Nights since, that he had brought a very pretty Girl here, whose Dress was none of the best, whom he regal'd with a handsom Supper, and reap'd the Fruits of Pleasure in her Arms, the Marks of which appear'd on the Knees of his black Velvet-breeches, as well as on the Back of her Gown, each of which the adhesive Sand, which overspread the Floor, had soil'd. The Time of Departure now approach'd, he press'd her Hand, looking languishingly in her Face, sigh'd heavily, and then fell on her Bosom, swore he never lov'd a Woman truly before, and intreated she'd appoint another Meeting with him, till the Arrival of which happy Minute, he should be the most wretched Being in the World.

The Girl, who was not so great a Novice as she appear'd, and who had before this been often thus entertain'd, conceiv'd the Joke, and resolving to make the most of the present Time, acquiesc'd to all he said, and concluded with hoping his Honour would remember that she was but a poor Girl, and a small Present would be of Service to her; this was a Point he always took Care to elude as much as possible. Why to be sure, my Dear, *says he*, getting up, and going to a necessary Utenfil behind the Screen; the next Time, my Dear that we meet I shall do something that's handfom for you. Lord, Sir, *says she*, I don't doubt but you will consider that all the little Wealth I had was my Virtue, and I am ruin'd
for

for ever, if your Worship should forget me; and some little Present, till I see you again, will be very welcome, for, upon my Word, I want it. Oh! that sets the Affair, my Life, replied he, (turning into the Room and adjusting himself) upon another Footing, you shall have a Guinea—but upon my Soul—I am asham'd I can't spare more at present.—Here he started, as if amaz'd at something, and feeling eagerly in his Fob; No, *says he*, by G— 'tis gone, I am sure I had it when I came into the Room, because I look'd at it, and remember it wanted just five Minutes of ten. Had what, says the Girl, do you miss any Thing, what have you lost? Oh! I believe Madam, says he, you know what
I

I have lost, but it won't do with me, No! Damn me, if it does. Here Waiter, *Tom, Will*. I've lost my Watch since I came into the Room; and as there has been no body but that Lady, take care of the Door till we search her, 'tis a *Graham* by G— and cost me fifty Guineas.

In vain did the Girl plead her Innocence, which was evident from her Surprise and her Tears; he insisted upon her stripping before the Waiters, and shewing every Thing about her; she cry'd bitterly, flung herself upon her knees, and seizing him by the Sleeve, to enforce her Entreaty, he strove to disengage himself, and pulling hard to get lose, she pull'd the Cuff of the Sleeve quite off, when lo! the
Watch

Watch dropp'd to the Ground, to the Joy of the Girl, and the Amazement of the Waiters.

She saluted him with a Volley of Villains, Sharpers and Cheats, which he receiv'd very calmly, thank'd her for his Watch, ordering the Waiters to turn the Bitch out of Doors; observing to them that she was an ingenious Whore too, to pull off his Cuff, and drop the Watch, as if it had been hidden there.

The Woman was turn'd out according to order, and he follow'd her, bidding *T—pk—s* to set down the Reckoning to his Account, and he'd pay him the next Night; not at all blushing at the Discovery of his being moneyless, and his having attempted to
I
trick

trick the Girl, that she might not know it.

But let us be silent, and listen, he's giving some Orders to the Waiter. Here the Spirit laid his Finger on his Lips in token of the Necessity of Silence, and walking forward, I follow'd him, we enter'd with a Bottle of Mountain into the *Star*, where Mr. *Louvre* then was, and where we by means of our supernatural Power, remaining conceal'd from the Sight of mortal Eyes, were Witnesses to the following Scene.



CHAP.



C H A P. IV.

A Conference between Louvre and Jack; Jenny Driver plays Sir Humphry Addle a Trick; the Appearance of Mr. Stanza the Poet; his Character; he tricks a Bagnio; and how Miss Hedgely introduc'd her Engagements; Louvre's Advice to her; Jack's Account of Mrs. Havemin; Miss Hedgely assumes the Name of Lydy Derfet; the Ceremonies attending the Change; Jack's very courteous Offers to Louvre and Stanza; the Company depart; and in what Manner.

LOUVRE sat by the Fire-side, and Jack opposite to him with a Glass in his Hand, saying, why,

why, Sir, the Girl is really a very fine Girl, she takes wonderfully with Company, and will make Money enough. Oh! Sir *Charles*, I never knew a Man have such Success amongst the Women in my Life. By the bye, the Title of *Sir*, and the Tinsel on the Coat, is one half the Battle. Tho' faith you've such a Tongue, I should find it hard to resist you if I were a Woman; you're smooth as a Glass, and as deep as a Tun. I have made you amends for introducing *Peggy Hedgely* to me, I had a Guinea from Sir *Humphry Addle* to secure her for him this Night.

But *Jenny Driver*, who pretends a prior Claim to the Night, broke in upon their privacy, and after breaking five or six pounds worth of
of

of China and Glasse, which he was oblig'd to pay for, carry'd him off in Triumph to *Haddock's*; not, indeed, before he had privately slip'd five Guineas into Miss *Hedgely's* Hand, and promis'd to see her soon again.

Were you ever acquainted with *Jenny*, Mr. *Louvre*? Ecod she's a woundy fine Girl, if she was not such a notorious Bunter, she might do any Thing with her Company; perhaps she is as well made as any Woman on the Town; what Limbs she has! how extremely neat! what a Shape! her Eyes how killing and melting! but then she's so wicked! she does not care what she does: She's fond of one of the Actors, and between you and I, and we both know the World extremely

extremely well, Sir Charles, when once a Woman becomes fond of an Actor, whose Income or Honour is not sufficient to maintain her, it is the same Thing as if she become fond of one of us Waiters, who has it not in his Power to do for her; she makes both herself and us unhappy. Why, Sir, it is not three Nights ago, since the *Baron de Montadore* having given *Jenny* three Guineas for the Night, she only heard the Voice of her Theatrical-friend in the next Room to that in which they had adjourn'd at *Gould's*, but she quitted the *Baron*, broke into the Room upon Mr. *Buskin*, drove a Girl he had with him out of the House, and insisted upon sharing his Bed for that Night: While the mortify'd

Baron

Baron lost both his Wench and his Gold.

Here their Discourse was interrupted by the Entry of Mr. *Stanza*; ha! *Ned!* says *Louvre*: how dost do my Boy? well what became of the Girl I recommended to you, last Night, was not she a Tit-bit? Yes, answer'd *Stanza*, the Girl was very well, but she was damn'd offish at first; I was oblig'd to promise to take her into keeping before she'd come to; but at last I got her to make a Night of it; and by Heavens she's an elegant Girl. Did you give her any Thing? says *Louvre*, not a Doit, answers *Stanza*, I am no such Fool, I have profited by your Instructions; I know you never give a Woman any Thing, and my Resolution is the

the same, egad I think its very well if I do them the Favour, without paying for it, besides I'll make a Song on her, if she insists on it; I'll set it also to music, and she may sell it to a Ballad-printer for a Guinea or two; tho' faith, *Charles*, to tell you the truth, I did not behave quite so well as I ought to have done this Morning to her; for I left her before she was stirring; she did not miss me getting up, and I did not pay the Bagnio, but promis'd to come back, before she rose. Between you and I, if she never rises till I come back, she's gone to her last Rest; if a Woman will be so credulous, *Charles*, the Fault be upon her own Head.

Faith,

Faith, *Ned*, says *Louvre*, you say very right, it is Vanity that leads a Woman to think any Man can love her at first Sight; and if she does, she deserves to suffer for it, to teach her Experience.

Louvre was going to make an elegant Oration in Favour of Deceit, Treachery, and Falshood, when the Discourse was broken off, by a knocking at the Room-door, follow'd by the Appearance of a Lady, whose Presence rais'd the Heroes on their Legs, her Figure was elegant, her Features regular, her Face smooth, her Eyes black and sparkling, her Hair dark brown, her Nose inclin'd to the aquiline, her Mouth something large, but her Teeth clear and polish'd; her Neck was very white,

white, and her pouting Bosom
swell'd tempting to the enraptur'd
View.

“Ha! *Peg*,” says *Louvre*, catch-
ing her in his Arms, and kissing
her, with an ardor which she as
eagerly return'd; “well my Girl!
“where have you been all Night?
“why did not I see you before?
“you knew I was in the House.”
Why, says she, “I can't stay with
“you now, but *Harry* told me
“you were here, and I stole out
“of Company to ask my dear
“*Charly* how he did. But I must
“go back again directly. I am
“engag'd to Captain *Ford*, and must
“not disoblige him, for every Body
“says he's a good Friend to any
“Woman he likes.”

“You're

" You're right, *Peg*, says *Louure*,
" the Captain's a fine Gentleman;
" and has the Soul of a Prince.
" Why you look vastly tempting
" you Jade; you seem too, for a
" young Beginner, to understand
" your Trade pretty well; but let
" me give you a Piece of Advice,
" and you know I am your Friend;
" always make the most of your
" Man, and grant no Favours
" without having first secured the
" *Cole*; except you are sure of the
" Man's Character and Fortune
" that engages you. Don't let a
" Title allure you to trust to it's
" Honour; a plain Man's oftener
" much better. There's a Lord
" about the Garden that always
" bilks his Wench, and a Man
" in a plain Frize-coat, who never
" gives

“ gives less than two Guineas.
“ He’s damn’d rich tho’! and the
“ Peer hellish Poor. Why, *Peg*,
“ you’re as fine a Woman as ever
“ came on the Town, mind your
“ hits and you’ll make Money
“ enough. But don’t be such a
“ foolish Bitch as to run in debt;
“ you have good Clothes enough
“ to appear in till you can spare
“ the Cash to buy what you like.
“ Keep clear of *Havemin*, and
“ you’ll do well enough. But if
“ once they get you dipp’d, you’ll
“ find it almost impossible to get
“ clear of them. An’t I right
“ *Jack*?

“ Why to be sure, *says Jack*,
“ *Havemin*’s better avoided, tho’
“ upon my Soul she’s a good na-
“ tur’d Woman; and pities heartily

“ a Girl in distress. Why, Sir,
 “ there are very few People besides,
 “ would take a Wench who had
 “ neither Clothes, Money, nor
 “ Friends, put her into handsom
 “ furnish'd Lodgings, trust her for
 “ elegant Dresses; and after, take
 “ the Money in small Sums, and
 “ perhaps not more than a Guinea
 “ or two at a Time. Mrs. *Havemin*
 “ did this for *Nan Griffith*; *Nan*
 “ is to be sure a very fine Woman,
 “ and well lik'd; she's blam'd
 “ indeed for having arrested the
 “ Girl; but I am in that Secret.
 “ She knew that Lord *Dangle* was
 “ at that Time excessively fond of
 “ her, and would not see her in
 “ distress. The Event answer'd
 “ her Expectation; *Nan* was ar-
 “ rested, my Lord paid the Money,
 VOL. I. D “ and

“and Mrs. *Havemin* did not resent
 “his calling her Bitch. However,
 “if Miss *Peggy* takes care, she
 “need be obliged to no body for
 “trusting her; Money flows in
 “upon her fast, and let her not be
 “extravagant.”

Well said, *Jack*, reply'd *Louvre*,
 I find *Havemin* and you are upon
 good Terms; why, you're right,
 you can be of Service to one ano-
 ther, and I am sure you are a very
 honest Fellow.

Why, I hope so, Sir, says *Jack*,
 but now she's here, I am glad I
 have thought of it, I don't like
 Miss *Peggy's* Name; *Peggy Hedgely*
 sounds but odly; and I assure you,
 oftentimes, a handsom Name re-
 commends a Girl to Company, as
 much as a good Title does a new
 Book,

Book, or a hard Name, and a high Price, bad Wine; a Trick that often succeeds finely.

Why then we'll find her a new Name, says *Louvre*, what say you *Peg*? will you be content to turn off your old Name? ay! I'll do any Thing, answer'd *Peg*; but first order in a Bottle of Champagne for my Christening: I'll pay for it myself, for I've done pretty well to Night. There's half a Guinea, *Jack*, to pay for it; and d'ye hear, ye Pimp, pocket the Change.

Here *Jack* made his exit for the Wine, and return'd in a Minute; in the mean time, *Louvre* ask'd *Stanza*, as he was a Wit, to be her Godfather.

With all my Heart, says *Stanza*, as *Irish* Girls succeed purely on the

D 2 Town,

Town, I'd give her an *Irish* Name, what dy'e think of calling her *Cicely Shannaghan*, it smells strong of the Potatoe?

Why, what a villainous Name hast thou bestow'd, it's enough to break a Man's Teeth, says *Louvre*; ay, Sir, replies *Jack*, and to frighten a Gentleman out of Company; it should be something neat and pretty, such as *Charlotte*, or *Fanny*; but we've enough of these on the Town already. But, lord, Mr. *Stanza*, you're a Poet, can't you get her a Name out of one of your pretty Books.

Egad, *Jack*, says *Stanza*, I have it, we'll call her after one of *Horace's* Girls, don't you remember *Lydy*, *Charles*?

Die mihi, Lydia, te per deos oro.

Damn

Damn your Quotations, Sir, says *Louvre*; with all my Heart, we'll call her *Lydy Derfet*, and so Miss *Lydy*—

Mr. *Louvre* was stopp'd in his Oration, by the Entry of a Waiter, who assur'd our new-made Miss *Lydy*, that the Captain was impatient at her Stay. Upon which Summons, she kiss'd the Knight, and the Bard, and retir'd to her Lover.

Now, says *Jack*, as soon as she was gone, it's fair I should make you amends for this Girl; for she does rarely, and I have got Money by her; I have in my own Room a pretty little black Girl that nobody ever saw, but Sir *John Civil*, she's a Washer-woman's Daughter in *Long-Acre*, but she don't like

her Mother's Business, and has apply'd to me for Employment. She's but low, and something Pock-fretten, but her Features are regular, and her Eyes good. You shall have her to-night. She has got a Couple of Sisters; I expect they'll fall into my Hands next Week, and you shall have the first of them, for you are an excellent Tutor.

This Proposal was accepted, Jack rung the Bell, and bid another Waiter send down Jenny Dable and Nancy Chiswick. Nan, says he, will fit my Friend Stanza, as she has no Engagement, for she's a pretty little Girl, and much of his own Size; at the same Time, Stanza order'd another Bottle of Port.

They

They did not wait long, the Ladies and the Wine were introduc'd together, and each Gallant contented with his Lot. *Lowre* swore *Jane* was the finest Woman he ever saw, and *Stanza* courted his with Quotations from Plays: He told her, *Angels were painted fair to look like her.* The last Bottle was drain'd, and the Night's Lodging fix'd to be at the *Horse-pond* in *Russel-street.* *Jack* was dismiss'd to wait on *Commodore Bilge*, who was just come in with *Lord Lubber* to make a Night on't.

When *Lowre*, drawing *Stanza* aside, *Ned*, says to, you must pay the Reckoning, for I have but two Shillings in my Pocket to pay the *Bagnio*, and some halfpence for the Chambermaid. By Hea-

vens, *says Stanza*, I can't, I have but a solitary Cart-wheel, one forlorn Half-crown, and that must go the same way.

Well then, *says Louvre*, put a good Face on the Matter, it must go down to me; but you'll remember, your Club is five Shillings, and you borrow'd two of me the other Day. Well, if I did, *answers Stanza*, you know I'll pay you. Psha, give us thy Hand, *Ned*, replied he, I know you're damn'd honest; and so let's back to the Girls.

The Motion was agreed to, the Account was scor'd up at the Bar, and each, with his Wench under his Arm, spurning the Solicitation of the open Chair, and the Invitation of the owners, who were

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 57

were rang'd on each side the Tavern-
Door, trudg'd to the *Horse-pond*;
where we must leave them to reap
the Fruits of amorous Joy.



D 5 CHAP.



C H A P. V.

Commodore Bilge and Lord Lubber introduc'd; the Commodore's Character; sent to the East-Indies very young; the Loss of the Ship in which he embark'd, and he sav'd with much Difficulty; the Governor of the Isle of Bourbon takes a liking to, adopts, and educates him; he steals away, and embarks for England; goes into the Whale-fishing Company's Service; and afterwards promoted in the King's Navy.

THIS precious Couple having disappear'd with their female Acquisitions, my aerial Guide bade me follow him into the *Dragon*,
and

and observe Commodore *Bilge* and Lord *Lubber*, who were sitting between a couple of Girls, very near drunk; and shouting, not singing, an *Irish* bawdy Song; each striving to drown the other's Voice by a strong Exertion of his own Lungs.

The Commodore, says the Shade, is a Man who has seen enough of the World, but nothing can tame that roughness, which breaks out on him every Moment, eclipsing all his other good Qualities, and seeming to speak him fit only for the boisterous Element, on which he was bred.

His Father was a very eminent Merchant in *Coleman-street*, and intended him for Business; but having no Genius for any Thing
but

but the Seas, he was put on board an *East-India* Ship, in which his Father had some considerable Share, and private Orders given to the Master, to use him severely, but not cruelly; in order, if possible, to teach him, how more eligible it would have been for him, to have staid at home. But this had not the desir'd Effect. If a Man grows fond of a particular Business, he'll find Industry enough in himself to attend it. It was so with *Tom Bilge*, no body took more pains in the Ship than he; he did the Crew many signal Services, and it was in vain to seek an Occasion of chastising him, for he furnish'd none; nor was he once, during the whole Voyage, troubled with that Sickness, usual to People who are only Fresh-water-

water-failors ; yet *Tom* was but thirteen Years old, and very small of his Age.

About four Leagues from the Isle of *Bourbon*, with the Land full in View, they were very near being becalm'd on a sudden, and hoisted all the Sail they could ; *Tom* was order'd a-head to clear away the Gib, but had scarcely got upon the Boom, when, by some Accident, a Fire happening in the Powder-room, the Ship blew up, and no one in the whole Crew ever rose again above the Surface of the Water, except *Tom*, and a Boy of about his own Age, who was near him at the Time of this Accident ; he surviv'd the Shock by clinging close to the Piece of Wreck on which he had been station'd ;

station'd; and tho' stun'd, did not quit his Hold.

He was in a short Time taken up by a *French* Fishing-boat, which happen'd to be off Land at that Time: they soon brought him to himself, and in rowing round the Place of the Accident, had an Opportunity of saving the Life of the Boy we mention'd before; who had just exhausted his strength, and must have perish'd the next Moment, had they not arriv'd to his rescue. Among other Things which the Boatmen had fish'd up on the Surface of the Water, was a Cask of Rum, the Head of which *Tom* made them knock in, and, pulling off his Shoe, for want of any other Vessel, dipp'd it in, and pour'd a large Draught down the

the Throat of his Ship-mate, which soon restor'd him to his Senses.

They were both carry'd on Shore, and presented to the Governor, *Le Chevalier de Bonfoy*, a French Nobleman of an illustrious Family, who receiv'd them with great tenderness, and taking a liking to *Tom*, adopted him for his Son, for he had no Children living; and found in him the exact Picture of his only Son, who had died about a Year before.

The other Boy was sent home very handsomly equip'd, and Letters at the same Time to *Tom's* Father, acquainting him, that the Governor intended to make him Heir to his vast Fortune, provided he consented; an Offer which the Father did not choose to decline.

As for the other Boy, I don't rightly remember his Name, I think it was *Fitzpatrick*, and that he died not long since Captain of a Man of War in our Service.

Here was a new Misfortune to *Tom*, who was again snatch'd from his beloved Element; and reduc'd to the Necessity of living like a Gentleman. He had a couple of Servants to attend him, Horse to ride, Weapon to wear, and a Jesuit to instruct him in the Languages and the polite Arts; from whose Care he profited but little.

His Tutor was a Man of Abilities, but Nature had not design'd *Tom* for Literature; he learn'd indeed to write and cast Accounts, and made a considerable Progress in such Branches of the Mathematics

as respected Navigation and Geography: But he was of a wandering Disposition, this State of inaction did not at all suit him; he privately offer'd a pretty large Sum of Money to an *English* Sailor to secret him on board a Ship till it sail'd; tho' the same Week the Governor had receiv'd an Express from old Mr. Bilge in *England*, thanking him for the Honour done his Child, resigning him wholly to his Care, and, at the same Time, exhorting his Son, in a separate Letter, to submit to his great good Fortune, and shew his Gratitude to the *Chevalier* by his Obedience.

The Sailor inform'd the Governor of his Offer, who reprimanded him for it in the most genteelest Manner; assur'd him he should

should be very handsomly provided for during his Life; when he died, no body else should inherit his Fortune; and intreated him to be satisfy'd, in possessing every Thing he chose to command.

But all these were not sufficient to reconcile him to his Fortune, his whole Thoughts were bent on nothing but escaping, and he at length found a Sailor, who for ten Pistoles, promis'd to conceal him on board an *English* Ship, homeward bound, that had put into *Bourbon* for Water, in such a manner as should elude all search.

He paid the Money; put carefully up in his Clothes (which were chosen out of the worst he had) fifty Doubloons; and was convey'd on board, two Days before the



the Ship sail'd, so privately that none of the Crew knew it, besides his Guardian, who conceal'd him in his Cabin, till this Vessel, amongst many others, was search'd, in consequence of his Flight; when he was shut up in a large Cask, but so dispos'd as to give him Air, and roll'd aside among other Goods.

The Governor was inconsolable for his Loss, which no body knew how to account for. And the third Day of the Ship's Departure, to the great Surprise of the People on board, he made his Appearance without Concern; spoke of some Hardships pretended to have been receiv'd from the Governor of the Island, and led the People to a Belief of their Truth; assur'd the Master he could pay for his Passage;

Passage; and, without being desir'd, fell to work in such a manner, as shew'd he could be of Use.

It is beyond dispute, that his Arrival in *England*, was far from being pleasing to his Father; and he was for some Time at home, before he was prevail'd on to receive or see him: However he now chang'd his Method of proceeding; and finding an *East-India* Voyage could not correct his Desire of roving, resolv'd to try how a Voyage to *Greenland*, in the Service of the Whale-fishing Company, would agree with him.

'Twas all alike to him which Way he went, so 'twas to Sea, and this frozen Climate rather sharpen'd than blunted the Edge of his

his rambling Appetite. No Man tells stranger Stories of his Adventures than the Commodore; he has been heard to say, that in this Voyage, they were driven into a Port in *Lapland*, by contrary Winds, and a Man in a Skiff, fishing by the Side of the Vessel, intreated of the Captain a Piece of Ship-beef, promising him in return a fair Wind. The Captain order'd him the Beef, out of Charity, without any View to the Bargain; but, in about five Hours after, there sprung up a rattling Gale, very fair, favouring them all the way to the River *Thames*, still veering right to their Course, which they made in half the Time commonly allow'd.

His

His Father finding it in vain to struggle against Nature, at last gave him his own Way entirely; sent him two or three Voyages in Ships of his own, and afterwards put him into the King's Service; where he had Interest enough to promote him to the Command of a Sloop of War, from which his good Conduct, and forty thousand Pounds left him by his Father, who died about three Years since, rais'd him to a seventy Gun Ship, and to be Commander in chief of a Squadron that has lately done some signal Service in the *East-Indies*. Whence he's but a few Days return'd, and rather than be idle, condescends to beat the Rounds every Night, with that elegant Nobleman who sits next him,

him, *Tom Squander*, *Lord Rattle*,
and some more Rakes of Qua-
lity.

However, the Commodore's a
very brave Man; nor will the
Excesses which he may commit
here, weaken his natural Courage,
or damp that Spirit which he has
often exerted in his Country's
Cause; and which will be always
ready, when fresh Injuries shall
rouse her again to vengeance, and
she shall call for the Assistance of
so experienc'd a Hand.

If he is not a Companion for
the Fair-sex, he tells you, 'tis
because he can't endure Flattery;
if he thinks a Woman handsom,
damn him, but he'll tell her
so: And if he thinks her ugly,
he declares his Mind with the
same

same open freedom. But then he has a very honest Heart, and is ready to assist the Distress'd if they merit it.

However, the Country's very brave Man; nor will the Excesses which he may commit here, weaken his natural Courage, or damp the Spirit which he has often exerted in the Country's Cause; and will be always ready, when Injuries shall rouse her again to vengeance, and she shall call for the Assistance of an experienced Hand.

If he is not a Companion for the Fair-sex, he tells you, 'tis because he can't endure Flattery; if he thinks a Woman handsome, damn him, but he'll tell her so, if he thinks her ugly, he declares his Mind with the same



C H A P. VI.

Lord Lubber's Extraction and Education. His Excellence, Company, and Extravagance. A French Bailiff's Chance for his Life. A French Gentleman's Liberty. A Gascon's Policy, a Match for a Coachman's sauciness in Paris. A Mistake of Lord Stubble's. Sir John Indolent's Caution, bad in it's Consequence. Lord Lubber's honest Transaction with Mr. Kennedy.

LORD Lubber was born in Ireland; he is descended of a very ancient Family: and the first of them that ever conform'd to the

VOL. I. E establish'd

establish'd Religion; tho' he, indeed, is very little Ornament to any Religion, or Society, whatever.

He was sent to *Paris* for Education, when very young, along with an only Brother, about two Years older than himself; for it is not many Years, since most of the *Irish* Nobility us'd to send their Children abroad, to receive the first Rudiments of Instruction; tho' of late, they are grown something wiser. He made a tolerable Proficiency in the beginning, in classical Learning; but soon became an excellent *Frenchman*, and added all the external Marks of Civility and Politeness, to as much Deceit and Falshood, as ever infected a human Breast. He grew very fast,
and

and you may see has an agreeable Person, as well as something engaging in his Appearance. He soon became intimate with some wild young *Frenchmen* of Quality, who were immers'd in all the Follies and Debaucheries *Paris* could afford, and who liv'd far beyond what *his* Income would allow: He now neglected his Studies, nor could all the Remonstrances of his Preceptors, nor the Advice of his Brother, whose Diligence was great, recall his lost Application: Admonition was bestow'd upon him in vain, his Father was surpris'd at the Expences into which he run, so far beyond the Demands of his elder Brother; and at length, stopp'd the Payment of his Draughts, writing

him some severe Remarks upon his Conduct.

These had very little Effect upon him; he still continu'd to run on at the same Rate; most of his Companions had, like himself, liv'd beyond their Income; and were oblig'd to stand by one another in their own Defence, so that they scarcely ever separated. They had generally seven or eight Bailiffs, oftener more than less, at their Heels; and scarce a Week pass'd without their being the Death of one or two of them. There is no body ignorant that in *Paris* a Gentleman, if he can any way do it, has a Right to kill the Person who offers to arrest him, (except it be by a particular Order from Court) provided that he sends
word

word to the *Lieutenant of the Police*, of the Affair, its particular Circumstance, and the Quality of the different Persons, accompanied with a small Fine, which don't amount to so much as three Guineas, for every Man kill'd. A remarkable Instance of the Deficiency of their Laws, which appoint a Man to a certain Office, and yet permit him to be murder'd unreveng'd in the Execution of it.

Nor is this Liberty allow'd only to be exercis'd against Bailiffs; Hackney-coachmen, Porters, and the lower sort of People in general, may fall unnotic'd, provided the Deed be done by a Gentleman, some probable Reason for it invented, and the usual Stipend paid to the inspecting Officer.

Every Body knows the Story of a *Gascon* (the *Gascons* are all Gentlemen, if you believe themselves, and have a good deal of the *Welchman* of *Great-Britain*, or the *Connaughtman* of *Ireland*, in their Temper and Disposition) whose Appearance being but indifferent, hir'd a Coach, and bade the Driver go as fast as possible to the *Palais d'Orleans*; the Coachman notwithstanding this Injunction, went at his own Rate, and so excessively slow, as to put the poor *Gascon*, who was in great haste, out of all patience; in vain did he use Threats and Intreaties alternately; they prevail'd not upon *Folt*, he crept like a Snail, not imagining he had a Gentleman's Son, in disguise, in his Coach.

This

This Obstinacy, having stir'd sufficiently the Gall of the distress'd *Gascon*, he call'd to stop; and getting out of the Coach, with his Sword in his Hand, he cried out, with some Emotion. "Thou good
 " God, who know'st I am a Gentleman, and hast seen two
 " Hackney-coachmen fall already by
 " this Arm, for their insolence this
 " Day, let me intreat you, give
 " to my Knowledge, the mighty
 " Crime I have committed, that
 " leads me to the Death of the
 " third."

This Address, accompanied with a Thrust of his Sword, which the Coachman foil'd only by jumping off his Box, open'd his Eyes with Respect to the Quality of his Face, who was only pleas'd by his fall-

ing on his Knees, intreating forgiveness, and begging the Gentleman to get into the Coach, and he'd drive him as he pleas'd; the *Cartel* being thus settled, the *Gascon* restor'd to his Seat, and the Coachman to his Box, he soon came to the appointed Place; for he spar'd neither Whip nor Horses, and was very glad he got off at so cheap a Rate.

The Humanity of an *Englishman*, indeed, is generally contented with making them feel the Weight of their own Horse-whips, or sometimes boxing with them, in which we have generally the better; tho' Lord *Stubble*, once, made an ugly Mistake, in a Rencounter of this sort; for a Coachman ignorant of his Quality, and indeed it was impossible

possible he should have known it without information, as his Lordship always dresses worse than his Groom of the Stable, having affronted him, my Lord, like a *True Briton*, (tho' some say he confided in his national Superiority at Fists, join'd to the Instructions of *Broughton* under whom he had studied) generously stripp'd to fight him; but alas! he had mistaken his Man; for *Jolt* happening to be the Son of an *Irish* Chairman, had been taught with care the Exercise of the Fist by his Father, to which he join'd the additional Trip, an Improvement scarce yet sufficiently known to the *British* Heroes; and he gave his Lordship so many damn'd Falls, that he was asham'd to shew his pounded Face

for two Months after; however, the Coachman and he parted good Friends, they shook Hands together, his Lordship swore he never was so lamm'd in his Life; and gave *Jolt* a Guinea for his pains.

Before we quit this Subject, observe that elderly Gentleman in black Velvet; who wears Good-humour, Honesty, and Friendship, pictur'd in his Face, you may have a View of him in the next Room before the Waiter shuts the Door, 'tis Sir *John Indolent*.

He and Mr. *W——rs* the Banker, one Day, hir'd a Coach, the Driver of which refus'd to go about half a Mile beyond one of the City-gates, to a Review that they wanted to see, tho' they offer'd to pay very handsomly. On this

this Mr. *W——rs* order'd him to drive round the Walls, and when they came to a Place proper for the Purpose, and sufficiently retir'd, stopp'd the Coach, and after paying the Fare, Horfe-whipp'd the Fellow very handsomly for his Insolence.

In a few Days after, Sir *John* being alone in a Coach, and not thinking himself us'd with proper Respect by the Coachman, who refus'd to carry him whither he wanted, very well, says Sir *John*, in *French*, I'll take Care of you, Sirrah! since you won't go with me where I please, go where you will with me, but you shall pay dearly for it. The Man took him at his Word, and drove him to a very numerous Stand of Coaches, where
he

he stopp'd, and getting down, very insolently bade him come out ; which he did, without once minding where he was, and began to cane the Fellow according to his Deserts. But, alas ! the poor Knight had scarcely given him two Blows, before half the Coachmen of *Paris* were upon him ; he was soon knock'd down and bruis'd in such a manner, that he did not recover it in twelve Months after ; he receiv'd a Contusion in his Leg which has oblig'd him to halt ever since ; and 'tis certain had not a Company of Archers pass'd that way, by chance, in the critical Minute, to disperse the Mob, and redeem him from their Fury, they had sacrificed him to appease the departed Spirits of their many Brethren who had

had fallen Victims to the Rage of the Noblesse. The good Knight protested he only consider'd how Mr. *W——rs* had behav'd on the same Occasion, without recollecting his cunning; but we shall have more room to speak of him anon; let us now return to the peerless Peer.

Lubber's Finances being thus reduc'd, he determin'd to make one bold Push, to raise a sufficient Sum of Money at least to carry him out of *Paris*, where his Extravagance and Licentiousness, seem'd to promise soon the subjecting him to an *Arrest de Corps*; a sort of Action which is not to be resisted, as it is a special Order from the Court.

He waited on Mr. *Kennedy*, in the *Rue de St. Honore*, a Merchant who

who transacted a good deal of Business, for the *Irish* Gentry, to whom he knew his Family was well known, and himself very little; he told him he had Occasion for two hundred Pounds *English* immediately, that his Father had sent him a Draught on Messrs. *Johnson and Co.* in *London*, not imagining his Business could detain him so long at *Paris* as it had done, and must yet do much longer; therefore he offer'd him ten Guineas to discount it.

Mr. *Kennedy*, not at all suspecting the Forgery, or the Honour of a young Nobleman, accepted the Draught, invited him to dine with him, assur'd him he was very welcome to the Favour done, and refus'd to receive a Farthing Discount;

count; and tho' our Hero press'd him strongly to it, he was better pleas'd he should not.

Before he left him, he went with him to visit his Cellars, and taste some Wine; at first without Design of either buying or playing Tricks, but merely to gratify the Intreaty of his Host: However, while he was engag'd in this Progress, it came into his Head, that he might make still more of the honest Merchant, than he had hitherto done; with this Intention he cheapen'd a Hogshead of Claret, and another of Burgundy; desiring they might be bottled off and sent to his Lodgings, at the same Time declaring that the Wine was so very good, he believ'd he never would while he liv'd enter the
same

same Cellars again, for they'd ruin him. The good Man thank'd him for the Compliment, and gave Orders for having the Wine bottled off against the next Day: Which was accordingly done.

He was no sooner in Possession of it, than he sent for three or four of his old Companions; who, he knew, were still pretty strongly defended by the Gifts of Fortune, to sup with him. They attended the Summons with due Deference, and allow'd it to be as good Wine as ever they drank. He took the young *Chevalier d'A——t* on this to a Corner of the Room, told him he had no more business with it, being engag'd to set out for *England* very soon, and that he would

would dispose of it extremely cheap.
 The Bargain was struck, the Wine
 deliver'd, and the Money paid;
 next Day his Lordship set out for
Calais, and left *Kennedy* to his pri-
 vate Meditation.





C H A P. VII.

Lord Lubber arrives in London.

Makes some very odd Acquaintances at Ranelagh, with whom he goes to a Coffee-house in Bridges'-street; their Entertainment there describ'd; disagreeably disturb'd; they bilk the House; Lubber finds them out, and makes them refund; they engage him in Play, and he foils the whole Party. An Account of their End.

THE Packet-boat was gone off about an Hour before he arriv'd at *Calais*; however, he hir'd a small Fishing-vessel, for five Guineas, to carry himself and his Baggage

gage over immediately to the *English* Coast. The Wind was pretty fair for the Voyage, and in ten Hours he landed at *Dover*; where he only rested for that Night, and the next Morning set out for *London*.

This City, at first, was to him a Labyrinth, in which he wander'd without a Guide; and he was four or five Days here, before he met the Face of any one Creature whom he knew; however, he diverted himself at such Evening Entertainments as the Season, it being Summer-time, afforded; and generally concluded the Night with a Girl and a Bottle; for he soon found the way to a Bagnio.

He was strolling pretty late one Evening through a public Garden,
much

much frequented, when a Man in Boots, and a Whip in his Hand, accompanied by two more, who had something of the Appearance of Fox-hunting 'Squires, address'd him thus: " Sir, you seem to be a
" Gentleman who knows the Custom of these Places, and for our
" parts we be but Strangers here;
" and now, Sir, as you are alone,
" if you please to join us Company,
" and partake of such a slight Regale
" as is to be had here, you will
" oblige us ; from your seeming
" Knowledge of the Place, we imagine we shall be better serv'd by
" the Waiters, if you give Orders."

This was an odd sort of Address from Strangers ; but he, quite in want of somebody to whom he might communicate a little of his
Senti-

Sentiments on the Place, without considering what vast Care a Man should take of the Company into which he falls, accepted the Invitation without hesitating; and, joining them, they chose a convenient Seat, and call'd for a Bottle of Claret.

His new Acquaintances were no Fools; and tho' there was something rustic in their Observations on the Situation and Form of the Place, the Conduct of the Music, and the Manner of the Singers, none of which escap'd their Notice, there was nothing foolish in them. If they did not shew themselves People of Taste, they manifested some Share of Rationality. They paid the Reckoning when they saw every body about to depart; and,

and, after returning Lord *Lubber* Thanks for his great Civility, told him they had a Coach waiting for them, in which, if he had no Carriage, they would be glad to give him a set-down to the *Strand*, if that was in his Way.

This was a very welcome Offer, and he did not refuse it. They all got into the Coach together; and one of the Company, who made them very merry on the way with some Country Catches, and jolly old Ballads, was thought not to sing badly. At *Somerſet-houſe* they diſcharged their Coach; and on aſking the Centinel what was the Hour? and his Reply, that it was ten o' Clock, they unani-
mouſly agreed it was too early to part yet; and that none of them ſhould be
tir'd

tir'd in spending another Hour together. A Coffee-house was the Place fix'd on; but they were all Strangers, and equally ignorant where there was one to be found; so that they determin'd to walk into the first they met open. *Catherine-street* was the Course they took, and coming near the Top of *Bridges-street*, by the Help of a Globe-lamp, which hung over a Door, they could perceive Coffee and Tea, with other Articles of Refreshment, inscribed in golden Letters.

Here they enter'd; but were a little surpris'd at finding, instead of a group of Politicians poring over News, and puffing Tobacco, about half a dozen Women, with a full Bowl of Punch before them. The Room was elegantly adorn'd with

Pictures and Glasses, and well lighted ; besides, the Women were handsomly dress'd, and look'd well. This was a new Scene of Life to *Lubber*. At first he could not tell what to make of it, but he was soon initiated in the Mystery by the Ladies, being introduced one after another to them ; and there being a boldness in their Address, a Pressure in their Embrace, and a Closeness in their Kifs, which spoke them Votaries of the *Paphian* Queen.

Convinc'd of this Truth, each Man chose the Lady whom he lik'd best ; Lord *Lubber*, as a Person to whom some Respect was due, being allow'd to choose first.

They all retir'd into a Parlour behind the Coffee-room, whither
 I they

they were soon follow'd by a full Bowl of Arrack-punch; nor did a second satisfy the insatiate Cravings of the Fair. Modesty was dismiss'd the Company; and Vice, Folly, and Impudence, revell'd round the Room. The Ladies us'd and granted every Freedom, except indeed the greatest that can be thought of. One hung her Hand round the Neck of her Gallant, who threw his Leg upon her Lap, and press'd her panting Bosom with his Lips so hard, *as if he pluck'd up Kisses by the Root.* Another had unbutton'd his Waistcoat, and wanton'd with her Ivory Fingers in his Breast, while he lean'd his Cheek to her's, and the mutual sparkling of their Eyes, confess'd sufficiently the height to

VOL. I. F which

which they had uplifted their Desires.

A third had one Hand fasten'd in that of her Companion, while the other was vanish'd from sight; the Scarlet-blush that ting'd their Faces, the Eagerness pictur'd in their Countenances, a Sigh, and the length of the Kiss, which they mutually impress'd, betray'd an Engagement that Reason and Sobriety would avoid.

Lubber disappear'd with the fourth, for about half an Hour, and the Effects of this Conference was, according to his own Report, attended with the loss of a Guinea, and the Acquisition of a Present in return, which cost him some Uneasiness as well as Money.

The

The Clock struck two, they had made an End of an elegant Supper provided and sent in hot from the *Rose*; when a couple of Gentlemen tumbled into the House, half drunk, from the *Castle*. They ask'd no Questions but push'd into the Room, where *Lubber* and his Company sat; surpris'd at this Intrusion, which they were about to resent, when the good Lady of the House interpos'd, took up the Cudgels, and rated the Interlopers soundly; they enter'd into a very warm Dispute with her, without quitting the Room, when *Lubber's* three Companions one after another walk'd into the Coffee-room; and one of them beckoning to him, he follow'd them; when the first Person that had address'd him in

the Garden, whisper'd thus ; " Sir,
 " here's a fair Opportunity for an
 " Escape, the Reckoning I have
 " computed, it comes to near fix
 " Pounds ; we are Country People,
 " you are a Stranger ; and none
 " of us can be known again ; so
 " if you've no mind to pay the
 " whole Reckoning yourself ; which
 " you must do if you stay behind ;
 " you'll march off with us, and
 " shew them a light pair of
 " Heels."

He waited not for *Lubber's* Reply, but follow'd his two Companions out, who, before this, had reach'd the Door. *Lubber* took no Time to consider ; he knew the Value of six Pounds too well, to lose it on any body's Account but his own, and fairly follow'd the
 Example

Example they had shewn him ; however, when he came to the bottom of *Catherine-street*, he flung himself into a Chair, to avoid any Argument in case of a Pursuit ; and reach'd in safety his Lodgings in *Craven-street*.

A few days after this, going into a Coffee-house in *Covent-Garden*, he perceiv'd at the upper End of the Room, two of his suppos'd Country Acquaintances, divested of Rusticity, and very handsomly dress'd. He did not ponder a Moment on his Method of proceeding ; he went up to them directly, address'd them in a very genteel manner ; they could not deny themselves, he told them he would be very glad if they staid long in Town to make a party in any Excursion

they should choose, and he would know how to manage better than in the last Affair; for that, being pursu'd and taken, after they left him, he was lodg'd all Night in the Watch-house; the Expences of which, together with the Reckoning, to the Amount of above eight Guineas, he was oblig'd to pay. The Gentlemen express'd great regret at his ill Usage, told him 'twas fair they should answer it to him, that tho' one of their Number was now absent, they'd account for him; so saying, they put six Guineas into the Hands of *Lubber*, and engag'd him to sup with them. He accepted both the Invitation and the Money, but took Care never to think of paying the Coffee-house Bill, tho' he had receiv'd two Guineas

Guineas more than the whole Reckoning.

The House to which they adjourn'd to entertain their new Acquaintance, was Lady *Mordington's*; an elegant Supper was order'd, and Cards propos'd, by way of Amusement, till it could be got ready. No body contradicted it, there were three of them, and *Ombre* was the Game chosen: They at first lost, and when Supper was serv'd up, Lord *Lubber* had upwards of twenty Pounds in his Pocket above what he brought in with him. This sharpen'd his Eagerness for Play, and they forsook the digesting Bottle, and the Charms of Society, to return to their Game; *Lubber* at one time had lost thirty Guineas; but he soon recover'd them again, and

only the return of Day-light, with the heaviness of their Eyes, warn'd them to depart; when *Lubber* came off with one hundred and fifty Pounds clear gains, and promis'd to meet them again, the ensuing Night in the same Place, to give them Satisfaction.

In preparing himself (after having rested well all Day) towards Evening, for the Rendezvous, he began to reflect on the Methods of proceeding pursu'd by his new Acquaintances, with respect to him; nor did it require very great Penetration to see plainly that they were Sharpers, who hop'd to find in him a proper Person to impose on. He knew a little of the World, and resolving not to be deceiv'd, determin'd to turn their own Engines
on

on themselves; he had play'd at *Paris* with some Address, and was vers'd in Trick, tho' he had seldom us'd his Talents that Way.

In this Meeting he summon'd all his Art and Perspicuity; nor was it long before he discover'd plainly the Truth of his Suspicions. This, however, he had Art enough to conceal; and play'd with such a manifestation of Ignorance, and yet such a seeming Passion for Cards, that they thought themselves sure of him; and it was resolv'd they should meet at the same Place, in pursuit of the same Sport, every Night.

This Congress continu'd constantly for six Weeks together, Fortune, like a true Woman, often changing Sides; but at length she

F 5

declar'd

declar'd in Favour of our incomparable Peer; who had put five thousand Pounds *Sterling* into his Pocket, besides a Note receiv'd from one of them for twenty-five Pounds, the Night after which they forgot to meet him; in a few Days it appear'd they had absconded entirely, being unable to sustain their Losses; nor was it long after that one of them was try'd and convicted for a Robbery on the Highway, and the other has never been heard of since.



CHAP.



C H A P. VIII.

Lubber makes a Figure. Assumes a Title. Goes to Court. Lady Shape-ly's Address. Impatience describ'd. The Advantage of giving Females a Topic for Conversation. Matrimony—interrupted. Lubber's Connexions with Miss Nellguard. The Story of the Diamond Solitaire. An Arrest. A Piece of Deceit mutually exchang'd. Fame, a tattling Jade. Woman's Revenge. A way to raise Money without Cost. Scarborough a pleasant Place in Summer.

LUBBER found himself now Master of a much larger Sum of Money than he had ever in his Life

Life possess'd at one time before, of which he determin'd to make the gayest Use possible. He immediately set up an elegant Equipage, assum'd the Title of his Father, who was still living, but indeed in such a retir'd manner, that few People knew whether he was dead or alive; and in two Years time had seen the End of his Cash, merely from living luxuriously, for Gaming he avoided. He went constantly to Court, and his Figure, Deportment, and Address, won him a Number of those polite Friends who infest a Court, and deceive Merit and Honesty, by *making as many Vows as they speak Words, and breaking all in the sweet Face of Heaven.*

It was one Night, at the breaking up of a Ball at Court, which was

ex-

exceedingly crowded, that he perceived an elderly Lady much press'd by the Throng of People who were flocking out together, while she was toss'd about from side to side, without one Person to protect her from Insult. From her Dress, which was very rich, it was evident she was a Woman of Family, tho' her Features and Figure were rather disagreeable than inviting. He, with that Politeness which he could at some times assume with Dignity and Ease, offer'd his Hand in this Perplexity, and convey'd her safe to her Chair.

She receiv'd this Obligation as he could wish; and, as he bow'd to leave her, squeez'd him by the Hand, told him she liv'd in *Downing-street, Westminster*; that she was the
Widow

Widow of Lord *Shapely*, and had no way to return this Favour, but by receiving him at her House, where she would acknowledge it in the best manner possible. It was an Invitation he receiv'd with Extasy, and the tedious Night halted by him like an ugly limping Witch; nay the Morning itself, which was really a very fine one, pass'd slowly over, till the dear, the wish'd-for Hour of eleven, the Hour which led him to Joy and his new-found Mistress, arriv'd.

At the Payment of his Visit, he found her accompanied with two or three female Friends, who waited impatiently the Appearance of the Knight-errant, whose Fame had been the Subject of the Morning's Discourse, and sav'd the Reputation
of

of many an innocent Dame and
guiltless Peer.

He was receiv'd with all that
Formality to be found in the Draw-
ing-room of a prudish Woman of
Quality, through which there shone
a Fondness, and a simpering, yet
stiff Leer, which plainly indicated
his besieging the Fort of her Lady-
ship's Inclinations would be attended
with all the wish'd Success; nor did
he depart without having receiv'd
repeated Assurances, that his renew-
ing the Visit would always contri-
bute to give her Ladyship infinite
Pleasure.

She was excessively rich, with
which he had been acquainted,
and he determined to push this Op-
portunity of making himself Master
of her Person and Fortune, in order
to

to cure the Decline of his own; for his five thousand pounds was now very near expended. He pursued his Plan with such surprising Success, that he made himself quite agreeable to her Ladyship's Inclinations; and the Day was appointed for the Match, which had certainly been compleated, but for the intervention of the following Accident.

He had, for some time past, paid his Respects to Miss *Nellguard*, who, tho' a Woman of the Town, was Mistress of great Abilities, accompanied with many personal Charms. Amongst other valuable Jewels which she possess'd, he knew her to have receiv'd from Sir *Jasper Lavish*, a very fine brilliant Diamond Solitaire, valued at two hundred

hundred Guineas, which she generally wore about her Neck, tied to a black Ribbon. On this the generous Nobleman had, for some time, fix'd his Eyes, and laid many Schemes to get it in his Possession; the following of which, at length, succeeded.

In the fondest Hour of Dalliance, under Pretence of kissing her snowy Bosom, he made a shift to bite the Solitaire from the Ribbon, as it hung about her Neck, without her perceiving the Fraud; and sold it to a noted Silversmith in *Fleetstreet*, who look'd upon *Lubber* as a Nobleman, since he bore the Title, as we before remark'd, of his yet living Father, and as a Man of an independent Fortune.

He

He had dress'd himself in the gayest Apparel of which he was Master, when stepping into his Chair to consummate his Nuptials with Lady *Shapely*, he was arrested for one hundred and twenty Pounds, at the Suit of the Silversmith whom we before mention'd. To the Occasion of this Arrest he was an entire Stranger; but he was obliged to submit to it, and go to the House of the Bailiff; where, on sending for the Plaintiff, he was surpris'd to find that he was arrested for a Fraud; and that the Solitaire, which he had told the Silversmith had cost two hundred Guineas, and sold for one hundred and twenty at second-hand, assuring it on his Honour to be brilliant, was only an excellent Paste.

This

This Intelligence struck him to the Heart ; and he was more concern'd to find he had been impos'd upon, than to recollect the Fraud in his own Intention. It is necessary to unriddle this Mystery here : There were few of Miss *Nellguard's* Acquaintances Strangers to her being possess'd of this valuable Jewel, which some Indigence in her Circumstances had oblig'd her to part with ; and being loth that any of her Friends should suspect her Necessity, she had agreed with an ingenious Lapidary to make one of Paste for her, which resembled the real Diamond as near as possible : It was this which *Lubber* had nibbled, it was this which he had sold.

Scandal is seldom slow in its Progress. The Intention of the Peer
was

was bad, Fame was still worse : He staid but three Days in Custody to compromise the Matter, which he did at last for one hundred and fifty Pounds ; and, immediately on his Delivery, attended his *Roxana* : 'Tis true she receiv'd him, but how ? Not my own favourite Hostess, in my Play of *Henry the Fourth*, could have rated her Guests with more Fury than she did him : Villain, Sharper, and every other Name which female Anger could suggest, were plentifully, bestow'd ; an Attempt at Defence was vain ; she had discovered the Cause of his Confinement, and disdain'd the Man who could be guilty of imposing on her Judgment ; for it was her Vanity was piqued, not her Delicacy.

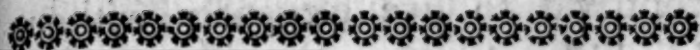
Miss

Miss *Nellguard*, who was a Wit, and lov'd a Joke in her Heart, scrupled not to tell the Story to every body; and, sooner than lose that Pleasure, betray'd her own Circumstances, which had caus'd the Fraud. In Consequence of this, his Lordship was the But of general Ridicule, and pointed at every where as an *Irish* Sharper.

It was this induc'd him to change the Scene of Action; the Summer pointed out the Country as pleasureable; and *Scarborough* was the Place to which he chose to retire. Hither his Story had not yet reach'd. He soon found out new Acquaintances, and was shelter'd from Reproach. He had about five hundred Pounds in his Pocket, most of which he had rais'd by the Sale of
his

his Coach, his Horses, and his Furniture, which he dispos'd of at once to a Broker for half Value; nor could he be reckon'd a Loser by the Bargain, since the most Part of them remained unpaid for.





C H A P. IX.

Lubber games at Scarborough with Success; kills Mr. Fletcher in a Duel; embarks for Ireland; his Father refuses to see him; he is tried for Fletcher's Murder and acquitted for want of Evidence; his Conduct afterwards; his Father dies; he assumes the Title, and takes Possession of the Estate; runs deeply in Debt; gets back to England; is chosen into the House of Commons; opposes the Court for some Time, but soon silenc'd; some Remarks on his Life and his Character. The Ghost withdraws.

IN order to improve his Stock, he sat down to gaming, in which he met with very tolerable Success, and
 I contriv'd

contriv'd to live elegantly without breaking the five hundred. This was the Posture of his Affairs when he kill'd young *Fletcher*. They had been very intimate for some Time past, and often play'd together: But the latter losing two Guineas to him, and not having the Money about him, *Lubber* abus'd him very grossly, told him he was a Sharper to play with any Gentleman without Money in his Pocket, and desir'd him to walk out with him. To this *Fletcher*, who was a Man of Courage, readily agreed; but having no Pistols, left it to *Lubber* to use his, which were accordingly produc'd; they adjourn'd to the Sea-side, and Mr. *Fletcher* was shot thro' the Head. He was found with his Pistol lying by

by him discharg'd; and the Truth of the Matter was, it never had been charg'd, for being an honest Man himself, he had no Suspicion of Treachery, and tho' the Pistols were *Lubber's*, never once thought of trying them.

He staid not to give *Fletcher* any Assistance, and indeed it would have been in vain, but went home, took all his ready Money with him, leaving his Valet, who was a trusty one, to pack up his Things, and follow him, reporting he was gone off to *France*, but he made the best of his way to *Holyhead*; where he embark'd on board the *Pacquet* which brought him safe to *Dublin*, while there was a Pursuit after, and Description of him, sent to *Dover*.

He did not stay in *Dublin* more than one Day, and that to refresh himself, but set out for his Father's Country-seat, call'd *Spiddallogh*, in the County of *Fermanagh*. The old Lord, whose Infirmities were increas'd by the infamous Life which his Son had led for some Time past, refus'd to see him; Letters, Intreaties, Messages and Assurances of Contrition, were presented to no manner of Purpose. It was impossible to conquer the Obstinancy of the irritated Father; and the disappointed *Lubber*, not griev'd for his Follies, which had occasion'd it, but enrag'd at his Reception, and vowing openly to be reveng'd for this Insult, return'd back to the City.

Here

Here he sat himself down to consider how he should proceed, rejected by his Father, an elder Brother between him and the Title he had assum'd, as well as the Estate to which he had pretended; besides his being oblig'd to live as private as possible, and fearing lest he should be seized for the Murder of *Mr. Fletcher*. All these Things weigh'd very heavily on him, till recollecting that as there had been no Seconds, there could be no Witnesses against him, he determin'd to surrender himself to the high Sheriff of the County of *York*, and take his Trial at the ensuing Assizes. He immediately signified his Intention by a public Advertisement, and soon after embark'd for *England*, was indicted for the

Murder, and acquitted for want of Evidence.

This Difficulty being got over, how to appease his Father was his next Study, and to effect it in the following dutiful manner, he return'd to *Ireland*.

By virtue of an Act of Parliament subsisting in that Kingdom, the first Person of a *Popish* Family, who conforms to the Religion by Law establish'd; is intitled to dispossess the Proprietor of any Title and Estate, wherewith the Family is invested. Of this Act our Hero determin'd to take the Benefit, in prejudice both to his Father and elder Brother, which he accordingly did, and was granted leave to eject his Father, on the very same Day that he receiv'd an Account from
Spiddallogh

Spiddallogh of his having fav'd him the Trouble, by civilly taking his leave of this Life: His Brother remain'd still in *France*, where he receiv'd an Account of his Father's Death, and his younger Brothef's Proceedings, in one and the same Letter: On which he set himself down to study Phyfic, and now practises in *Paris* with very great Reputation.

The old Peer died immensely rich, and the young one knows how to use his Wealth. He set out for *Spiddallogh* to take Possession of all the Effects, and the Winter after took his Seat in the House of Peers. He cut a very great Figure after the first half Year of his Mourning, his Equipage was superb, and his House very magnifi-

cent, yet his Duns increas'd with his Fortune, and to very few People to whom he was endebted, did he make restitution without being forc'd; his Coach and Horfes were seiz'd, the second Year after his Father's Death, by a Butcher for two hundred Pounds, and a Wine-merchant laid an Execution on his House and Goods for eight hundred more. These he immediately paid off, and his Baker having with more Civility, but less Policy, presented his Bill, which was only thirty Pounds, was desir'd to call on his Lordship the *Friday* following, at three in the Afternoon, which he did, and instead of his Money, receiv'd Advice that he had dispos'd of his Effects, and embark'd

bark'd at six in the Morning in the Pacquet for *England*.

In *England* he took Care to be more circumspect, he hir'd an elegant House in the Neighbourhood of *Grosvenor-square*; set up an handsome Equipage, and was careful in paying off his Bills; so that in twelve Months he had establish'd, amongst the lower sort of People, the Character of a Man of Honour; and with People of Fashion, that of a Man of Sense. We have observ'd before, no body was more Master of the Art of imposing, and of throwing the Veil of Honesty over his natural Insincerity.

He next purchas'd an Estate in *Herefordshire*, of about six hundred Pounds *per annum*, and got himself chosen Member of Parliament for

a neighbouring Borough, this was his chief Aim; Avarice was the reigning Passion of his Soul; and if he was at sometimes extravagant, it was very seldom without a certain View of being fully recompens'd in the Effect of it. And he inferr'd, I am afraid not at all unjustly, that a Seat in the House, was the true Way for a Man to improve his Fortune.

He soon made himself remarkable in opposing the Measures of a certain Minister; there was an Elegance in his Manner, and a Grace in his Delivery, that were extremely persuasive, and render'd him the Idol of the Party which he appear'd to countenance, so that his Health was generally one of the

the first Toasts, at every one of their public Meetings.

This laudable Method he pursu'd for more than twelve Months, and always gain'd many Proselytes, as well as bestow'd much Satisfaction; when, to the great surprise of every body, he became, at once, silent: was never heard again to oppose the Ministry; scarcely utter'd any Thing more than *yes* or *no*; and that always directly contradictory to those Principles which he had seem'd formerly to have embrac'd.

He has now sat in the House ten Years, without pronouncing a Syllable to any Purpose, except *ay* and *no*; and tho' others may wonder at this Taciturnity, *you* will not, when I tell you his Eloquence was

purchas'd at the Price of six hundred Pounds *per annum*, during Life. He seldom is such a Rake as at present, but for special Purposes; the Commodore is just come from Sea, crown'd with Success, eager for Pleasure, but barren of Money, till his Prizes are legally condemn'd; his Lordship can supply him at *Cent. per Cent.* and live elegantly on him at the same Time, without any cost.

But soft, methinks, *I scent the Morning Air*, I am summon'd hence; to morrow let me find thee here, when Midnight wraps the Globe, for there is much behind for me to tell, as well as for thee to know. Here the Spirit disappear'd, and I order'd

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 131

a Waiter to call me a Chair;
in which I reach'd home, very
little fatigued.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.



ME-



M E M O I R S

O F T H E

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD.

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

The Scene opens. Our Armour. A new Company. Dr. Diamond's Character. Mr. Sprightly appears. Uncommon Education for a modern Gentleman. Egomet, a hurtful Word. Court Diet. Marriage sometimes serviceable. A Lord's readiness to raise him who don't want it. Fortune and Death play

a couple of cruel Tricks. A Voyage for the Pocket's Sake. Our own Importance. Lord Frake's Character, and Mr. Meeke's Judgment of the Wealthy.

 T was with Impatience that I waited for the appointed Time of meeting my singular Acquaintance; I went to bed, but slept little; I rose in the Morning and reckon'd every Hour an Age, till twelve at Night. The Moment I heard it strike, I walk'd out of my Lodgings, which were the Corner of Southampton-street, turning into Covent-Garden; having first lighted up a Candle, and carefully lock'd the Street Door. I march'd towards the Piazza, and close to *Hauksby's*, alias *Sam's Coffee-house*,

house, a good Figure of a Man pass'd me and walk'd towards the Tavern to which I was bound; he enter'd the Door first; but how was I surpris'd at the same Time, to find, on his turning about, that it was the *ever honor'd Shade*: At the same Time, some secret Impulse led me to put my Hand in my Pocket, and the Wand, which I had forgot, lay ready for it.

Thus arm'd, I knew very well my Force; my Guide led on, I follow'd him into a large Room, where there sat a noisy Company of about a dozen Men and Women; who, by the Elegance of their Dress, appear'd to be above the common run of Mankind: These, said the Shade to me, have each of them something curious in their
Lives.

Lives. The Women from their Department inform you of their Occupation. The portly Gentleman in Brown and Silver with his Back to you, is next Heir to a Peerage, he is reckon'd extremely handsom, and has three thousand Pounds a Year, which he spends entirely amongst the Women; his Name is *Sprightly*.

The Person who stands next to him, and seems to squint to the left, while he addresses the Lady on the right, has got the Trick of never looking the Person he talks to in the Face; because he is so accusom'd to lying, that he himself scarcely knows when he utters Truth or Falshood; you would not imagine from the taudry Silk-coat, the embroider'd Waistcoat, and sparkling
I set

set Buckles, that he is a Phyfician; that a Bag-wig of the neweft Fashion, and a fmart cock'd Hat belong'd to one of the Faculty, but 'tis even fo: And laft Week he procur'd an honorary Degree of Doctor to be conferr'd upon him by a *Scotch* Univerfity, thro' the forcible Interelt of ten Guineas. He is an excellent Scholar, and tho' a moft intolerable Coxcomb, Dr. *Diamond* has a good deal of Merit. Indeed he has few Patients, for the Life, that he leads, is fo very gay, that few People would choofe to truft him with the Care of their Conftitution. This don't make him very uneasy; he has had a fmall Annuity left him by a diftant Relation not long fince, on which, join'd to his now-and-then
turning

turning Author, and writing an occasional Pamphlet, he makes a shift to live not ungentleely.

Mr. *Srightly's* Father was the younger Son of a Lord, who after having led a very gay Life, retir'd to *Ashton*, where this Son was born, by a second Wife; he having had two by his first, both living, at that Time; he was educated under his own eye, and being well read in the classics and the *Greek Tongue*, was sent to *Trinity-College, Cambridge*, where he studied assiduoufly; and having an excellent Memory, still retains whatever he has perus'd; which he has the Art of making his own in Company, by delivering any Thing that he has a Mind to relate, in his own Words. His Reflections are ingenious

nious, they display a lively turn of Wit, and great force of Fancy, which makes his Conversation very agreeable; but his Perfections are eclipsed by a Sense of his own Merit, that leads to deafen you eternally with Stories of the first Person; nor can he get rid of this great regard for *Egomet*, tho' he has met many severe Rebuffs for it.

He had been about two Years at *College*, without taking any Degree, when the Death of his Father summon'd him home, and he found he had left him by Will, upwards of two hundred a Year; being of a rambling Disposition, he sold it to his elder Brother for about three thousand Pounds: This Sum he put in his Pocket and set out

out for *London*, resolving to purchase some handfom place, to which he did not fear but my Lord *H——* with whom he had contracted a strict Intimacy at College, having been in the same Class, would assist him. A good Appearance every body knows is a great Introduction into Life; this his own Sense taught him to believe, he therefore took handfom Lodgings, dress'd genteely, and his Connexion with my Lord, who possess'd a considerable Post near the late Queen's Person, introduc'd him to a very polite Set of Company. For two Years he was fed with Promises of the first considerable Vacancy; without experiencing any in reality, or indeed receiving any one Advantage, but that of being every where well receiv'd, and

and esteem'd as a Man of Wit, by some of the greatest People in *England*, while he had a very little more left of his Patrimony than one thousand Pounds, for he had always been a true Votary to Pleasure; this made him very uneasy, however the Breach was repair'd by his striking up a Match with a Lady, whom he had address'd for some Time, who had four thousand Pound to her Fortune; and being Mistress of a very good Understanding, did not long hesitate in accepting the Offers of a Man, extremely good-natur'd and agreeable, and seeming to have Sense sufficient, to make any Woman happy in the marry'd State.

This Success gave him fresh Spirits, and soon after my Lord

H—/

H——l gave him a Post of two hundred Pounds *per annum* under himself, with a Promise of doing better for him the first Opportunity. He now took a very handsom House in *Grosvenor-street*, furnish'd it elegantly, and receiv'd a great deal of Company, his Post was but a *Sine Cure*; and my Lord's Professions gave him Assurance, of soon obtaining somewhat better. At his leisure Hours he apply'd himself to study; and wrote several Essays for his private Amusement, which have since been of considerable Service to him: He liv'd thus for about five Years, at the End of which, the Queen's Death flung his Patron out of Commission, depriv'd him of his little Income, and the Bankruptcy of a considerable

able Merchant, in whose Hands he had lodg'd about three thousand Pounds at Interest, happening just then, left him in a very indifferent Situation; the other two thousand, besides his Income, were almost all expended; so that in less than a Month's Time, he found himself tumbled down the Precipice of Fortune, with only a very trifling Sum to keep his Head above Water.

The Change of Fortune could not make him alter his Way of Living; he resolv'd to support his Dignity to the last; so that he began to find himself not only run in debt, but Demands pour in from all Quarters upon him; wherefore he resolv'd to try all his Court Acquaintances, who were in Place about the Royal Family, thro
2
their

their Interest if possible, to obtain some new Establishment; most of them having been boundless in their Promises to him: He had contracted a strict Friendship for some Months past, with Lord *Frake*, only Son to the Marquis of *Mendax*, to whose Care and Protection, Lord *H——* had strongly recommended him, at his Departure to make the Tour of *Europe*; for which he set out, about three Weeks after the Queen's Death, at least as it was reported, tho' in reality he only retir'd to the *South* of *France*, that he might live a little saving, for the Loss of one thousand Pounds *per annum*, which Income he enjoy'd during the Queen's Life, went much nearer his Heart, than was at first imagined. As the Marquis join'd

join'd to a considerable Estate, an important Post, and very large Interest in the Country; Mr. *Sprightly*, sensible of his great Power, determin'd first of all to try him, almost convinc'd, before he set out, that he should not be repuls'd; and comforting himself with recollecting he had many more Friends, whom, at the worst, he could address: However, some private Affairs call'd his Attention a different way for some time; and the ensuing Adventure opened to him other Scenes of Life.

And, now, *Reader*, before I proceed to relate the rest of Mr. *Sprightly's* Life, and of such Persons, as, in our Course, may be found worth remarking, allow me to tell you, I shall, for a while, drop the Nar-

ration of the sacred Bard, as having neither Talents or Capacity to supply his Sublimity of Expression, and let you into those Secrets which he reveal'd to me, in my own Language, except, as I go on, I should be interrupted by his Reflections. And all Addresses made to your Candour and Judgment are to be look'd upon as coming from me, except I inform you of the contrary. As a Specimen of our Abilities, accept the following Character of Lord *Frake*, it being necessary to be known, in a Place where he cuts so remarkable a Figure.

His Lordship was now twenty-two Years of Age, a tolerable good Figure; but Nature, who is often an Oeconomist in these Cases, wisely considering, that Sense and

and Abilities might be of greater Service to some more *ignoble* Personage, had been very niggardly to him in these; not indeed unjustly, for he was born to a Title; which might stand in the Room of Sense, and an Estate, which might answer for Abilities. However, his *Right Honourable* Father, resolving the few Gifts wherewith his dear Son was endow'd, might be made as much of as possible, had him educated under his own Eye, so that he was never controul'd, but in every Thing allow'd his own Way. At a proper Age, he was transfer'd to the Guardianship of a Tutor; who being a Person of vast Complacency, was therefore thought to be a very proper Man to fill so important a Post. This sagacious

Pedagogue, having an Eye to a comfortable Place in the Revenue, which, he knew the Marquis could easily bestow, and for the obtaining which, his Pupil's Interest was judiciously thought to be very necessary; took special Care never to thwart him, or to rein in the violent Sallies of his wild Disposition.

Under him, my Lord studied, just as much as he thought fit, which was little and seldom, nor did Mr. *Meek* ever contradict him, for fear of souring the Juices of this admirable Sprig of Nobility. *Fame*, indeed, said, it was he who first contriv'd an Intimacy between him and *Charlotte Haye*, and that he first initiated him in the Use of the *Grape*, as well

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 149

as unveil'd to him the Myſteries
of *Venus*.

But theſe Things we do not
chooſe to credit, ſince the aforeſaid
Lady, Madam *Fame*, has a long
Time been ſuſpected of being a moſt
ſcandalous and incorrigible Tattler,
and has, even in her Time, dar'd
to attempt blackening the Cha-
racter of the pious Prince of *Troy*,
and the unhappy Queen of *Carthage*,
as it *hath been noted down* (ſays the
celebrated *Caxton*) *by that grete*
Clerke, and eminent Penſman, Publius
Virgilius Maro.

But, — avant Criticiſm! — and
let us to our Buſineſs — Thus
much we are certain of, that Mr.
Meek had already obtain'd, by the
Favour of his Pupil, one hundred
and fifty Pounds *per annum*, which

being by a *Sine Cure*, he was still retain'd in the House, on the footing of directing a-right the Steps of Nobility: which he not only directed, but often supported; for his Lordship has been seen, yea more than once, early in the Morning, under *Covent-Garden Piazza*, sustain'd and upheld by his careful Tutor, while from *Jenny D——s* he has not walk'd, but stagger'd into *Tom King's*, and thence paraded thro', what by the Bucks and Bloods, are call'd, the Rounds.

How Praise-worthy was this our Tutor's Behaviour! Thus in open Defiance of Luxury and lazy Lie-a-bed Intemperance, to attend the *Matin* Peregrinations of his Pupil, and encourage him in the healthful Enjoyments of the Morning.

The

The Reader is certainly already appris'd, that we would not have him mistake the Failure of his Lordship's Legs for Inebriety, or that the Places by us nam'd, were any other but honourable Mansions of Refreshment, calculated for the Reception of People of Fashion, or rather of such fashionable People, as are above valuing Money, except when Charity or Merit sue for the unmifs'd Mite; then indeed they are *justly* saving.

By encouraging the Follies of this Mirror of Nobility, Mr. *Sprightly* imagin'd he fully secur'd the Marquis's Friendship; consequently he was one of the foremost to join in any of his Lordship's frolicksom Schemes of Extravagance, nor was Mr. *Meek* very

far behind. There were very few Nights, in which they fail'd to visit every Receptacle of the *Votaries* of *Venus*, which lay in their way, to the overturning of Arrack, the Destruction of Windows, Glasses, and Tables; the breaking of Punch-Bowls, together with the less tender Head of *Here your Honour! Coming, coming up, Sir.* They seldom parted without a Fray; and their Faces were well known both to the Watchmen and Chairmen, who often tasted their Generosity, but much oftner their Blows.



CHAP.



C H A P. II.

An Adventure; Don Quixote; an enchanted Palace; invisible Agents; a Retreat resolv'd on, and made; two or three Mistakes; Caution; a Trick intended; an unexpected Appearance, it's Consequence; a strange and fearful Metamorphose; a Criticism upon Quintus Curtius, Baker, and other Poets; our right to the Name of Poet; a Lord defeated; an unkind Parent; the Leveller; an Explanation.

IT was in one of these midnight Humours, that my Lord and Mr. Sprightly (for Mr. Meek was

H 5

by

by great chance absent at that Time)

*Hot with the varied Wines, and high in Blood,
When all but Riot and Debauchery slept,*

rambled out of a Tavern, not a Furlong distant from the Playhouse, like *Don Quixote*, and his ever renown'd Squire, in search of Adventures. Nor were their Intellects in much better order, for if a constant Perusal of the Actions of *Knight Errants*, had work'd so strongly upon the Mind of the *Knight* of the *woeful Countenance*, that he mistook *Milkmaids* for *Princesses*, and *Windmills* for *Enchantment*, so highly had the Wine wrought upon the Imagination of our Adventurers, and clouded their visual Rays, that the

Street

Street seem'd to whirl round them,
 and every Object, multiplied into
 Objects, danc'd a *Saraband* in their
 Sight, which gave Occasion to my
 Lord to observe to his Companion,
 that he was now convinc'd of the
 Motion of the Earth. Their Dis-
 course was interrupted by the Pro-
 spect of an Adventure, at which
 my Lord seem'd more joyful, than
 at his *philosophical* Discovery.

A Door stood invitingly open;
 two Candles were plac'd in the
 Hall, one lay carelessly in the mid-
 dle of the Floor, and the other
 stood on the top of a Banister,
 whence it gave light upwards to a
 Staircase, my Lord, at this Appear-
 ance, catching *Sprightly* by the
 Sleeve, stopp'd his farther Progress,
 and stood himself, as still as his
 present

present lading of Liquor would admit, to make an Observation. Reader, if ever thou hast seen a Ship at Anchor, when the Sea was disturb'd only by a pleasant Breeze; or if thou wouldst rather have a rural Simile, thou hast undoubtedly seen a young Tree, incline every now-and-then before the Force of the Wind, without once giving way at the Root; either of these Similes will furnish you with a lively Idea of the Steadiness of his Lordship, while he inspected the Premises of this enchanted Castle, which he was pre-resolv'd to storm; after the necessary Observation, and two or three prelusive Hiccups, he declar'd it was a *Bagnio*, and swore he'd in and blow up the Wenches.

Sprightly

Sprightly, whose Optics were somewhat stronger than his Lordship's, endeavour'd to persuade him off this Design, and assur'd him, as well as he could, for very plain he could not speak, (tho' I would not have my Reader imagine it was Fear that made him falter. No! he was as stout as a *Broughton*, or the famous *Wooly Wallace*) that he was certainly mistaken, for as well as he could tell, there was not a *Bagnio* in the whole Street. But my Lord being pretty positive, damn'd his Knowledge, and grasping fast hold of his Arm, they both tumbled into the House together, but they had not gone two Steps, before the different Freight of their Heads poizing to contrary ways, caus'd a Separation of these

two

two Heroes, which was attended with some invisible Agents tripping up *Sprightly's* Heels, and laying him flat on his Face, "Zoons, my Lord," says he, "where the Devil are you, somebody has knock'd me down, who are you." "Knock down a Fiddle-stick," answers my Lord, "why the Devil a living *Christian's* in View, but a couple of Horses that stand at the Door belonging to a Chariot: what a fanciful Fellow thou art, prithee, *Will*, get you up, why you're drunk Man." "I drunk, my Lord," answered he, "I scorn your Words, I wish you were as sober as I am, and you would not be running here Heels over Head, no body knows where; who knows but we may have
our

“our Throats cut here, and no
“body the wiser for’t.”

Saying this he got up, not without having fail'd two or three Times in the Attempt, as little to the Advantage of his Body, as of his Clothes, and when he had fix'd himself again on his Feet, I won't say firmly, because I would be as impartial as possible, in all the Accounts which may be inserted in this History; his Hands were much of a Livery with the fore Part of his Coat, which was chang'd from a light Colour, to a dirty brown: Besides he sent forth certain Odours, which saluting the Nostrils of his Lordship, wrought him into a Belief of his Companions having made a Discharge, which Men, who prefer

prefer Safety and a light Pair of Heels, to Courage and a broken Head, are generally subject to in Times of Danger; and he was confirm'd more fully in this Opinion, from his absolutely determining to retreat.

His Lordship, sooner than go forward unseconced, chose to follow his Example. They now abandon'd their Enterprize, and had retreated some few Steps from the House, in order to explore some less dangerous Affair, when the Stirring of one of the Horses put him in mind of playing the Charioteer a shrewd Trick, by cutting the Harness, and setting the Steeds adrift. This ingenious Thought was no sooner conceiv'd than its Execution was attempted. He
drew

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 161

drew forth, his cutting Sword, the only keen thing he had about him ; (and pity it is that he was allow'd any thing so keen) and fell to hacking the Harness as hard as he could, while *Sprightly*, pleas'd with the Fancy, assisted by holding the Horse's Head ; when lo ! unlucky Fate ! a Blow, from a Hand unseen, lit upon the Back-part of his Neck, prescrib'd with so good a Will, that had not the more sensible Brute oppos'd his Body to the Fall, *Sprightly* had laid his Honours, not in the Dust, but in the Kennel. At the same time a Voice, hoarse as that of the *Raven* of the Desert, and loud as that of a *Jack-Ass* before bad Weather, drumm'd upon his auricular Sense, with, " Damn
" your Eyes, you sneaking Dog,
" do

“do you want to steal my Horse?”

The Thunder of the Voice, the Sound of the Blow, and a doleful Execration which it had excited from *Sprightly*, came conjunctly to the Ears of the busy Lord, who, quitting his noble Toil, was preparing to assist his Friend, when a Cloud of Dirt came pouring from above, and cover'd him from Head to Foot, so that he was quite chang'd from what he was, to an Appearance all begrim'd and black; his Optics were eclips'd, and his Mouth and Nostrils shar'd the Offensiveness of the Vapour almost to Suffocation.

Nor was this Inauguration silently conducted; there were certain broken, but, I suppose, proper Sentences utter'd during the Performance

ance of the Ceremony, which we choose not to deliver to Futurity, as not of Dignity sufficient to adorn an *Epic Poem*.

Reader, thou may'st perhaps be surpris'd to hear me call this Book a *Poem*; but know, that our *modern Writers* have discover'd the *Art of writing Poems in Prose*, giving the Name of *Epic* to all Writings of this Kind; and I doubt not but the leading Critics of this Age, if they can win the generality over to their Opinion (which the perverse and injudicious Multitude, by their Neglect of *Eugenia*, that simple, that unbloody, affecting, merry *Tragedy* seem averse to) will soon entertain the Town with *true poetical Tragedies* written in *Prose*; and if this reigning Taste for what is call'd
the

the unaffected *Naiveté* of Diction, should prevail, we may have the Satisfaction of being inform'd, that *Quintus Curtius's Exploits of Alexander the Great*, *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Baker's Chronicles*, and *Lord Clarendon's History*, are elegant *Poems*, and *Homer* and *Milton* a couple of stiff *unnatural* Writers, for whose Works we must invent a new Name, as being quite ignorant of the *true Spirit of Poetry*.

My Lord had now disengag'd his Eyes from the Dust, which had almost blinded him; and as he thought himself very unfairly attack'd, without quitting his Post, he made a random Push at his As-failant, I say random, because, had it been *broad Day-light*, many things would have concurr'd to prevent

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 165

vent his seeing, ran the Horse in at the Buttock; who not relishing cold Iron, devis'd such a successful Kick at his Lordship's Ribs, that he gave a Groan, forsook his trusty *Toledo*, made a few wry Faces, and dropp'd into the Arms of his Mother Earth; who neither receiv'd him with the Tenderneſs of a Parent, nor the Respect due to a Man of Quality from his Inferiors: And nobody can deny her being his Inferior, tho' ſo nearly related, for in the Fall he receiv'd a Con-
tuſion in his Head.

In the mean time the *Watch*, who were crying the third Hour, were ſtopp'd by the Fray; and Mr. *Sprightly*, who had been reduc'd to the ſame Level with his Lordſhip,
by

by two Strokes of a brandish'd Cudgel, was, with his noble, but fallen Comrade, committed to the Care of the *Midnight Magistrate*, and escorted, under proper Guard, to the enchanted Palace beneath his Command, adjoining to the *Church of Covent-Garden*.

Reader, it is now time to inform thee whence proceeded these strange Phenomena, and who were those, as yet, invifible Combatants, with whom our Heroes were engag'd. Know then, the *enchanted Castle*, which appear'd to your View in the Beginning of this Chapter, was no other than a Stable at the Back of a House, whence the Servants were affifting the Carter to convey the Houfhould Dirt : And the Cart and Horfe,

Horse, which was prepared for that Purpose, was what, to their Wine-affisted Eyes, appeared as a Chariot; and this late Hour of the Night was chosen for carrying away what, in the Day-time, might have prov'd a Nuisance to the Neighbourhood.

Thus, I hope, I have restor'd Mr. *Sprightly* to his Character of Courage, which, from something I before hinted, I believe you began to suspect. And thus you will easily account for the Trips which you have seen him make in his Progress, as well as their consequential Effect upon the Nostrils. You will no longer be at a Loss to find, that the Shower of Dirt, which had obstructed his Lord-

I ship's

ship's Proceedings, was Part of the Dirt which the Carter had, undesignedly, miss'd putting in his Cart, by which Chance it descended on the Head of Nobility.





C H A P. III.

Constable of the Watch characteris'd.

An Eclaircissement. A curious

Examination by way of Dialogue.

A Porter's Pride very edifying.

An Attack upon Authority; con-

cludes in a Scuffle. Rebellion sup-

press'd. A philosophical Disquisi-

tion. The Dungeon open'd and

shut. Authority and then Nobility

recovered. A great Secret dis-

clos'd. Lock's great Care of Im-

positions on himself.

THE Governor of this nocturnal Court, was a Hair-cutter in the Neighbourhood, who had

VOL. I.

I

many

many Years serv'd in this Office; not that he was constantly elected to it, but he was employ'd by such Persons as were, and who, rather than undergo the Cares and Anxieties attending this, as well as all other Seats of Sovereignty, chose to make him a nocturnal voluntary Allowance, to represent his Person and support his Dignity. The Power with which he had been long invested, invigorated the Hearts of the Sons and Daughters of *Venus* and *Mercury*; many of whom were constantly brought in by his lanthorn'd Subjects, to pay their Obeisance to his Midnight Majesty, and were as duly set at Liberty thro' the Interposition of *Plutus*, sometimes, in Garb, tawny as the sun-burnt *Mexican*, and, at other

other times, white as Lady *Cribbage's* Hand ; the former, indeed, was said to be most agreeable to him, for he was fond of a *Brunette*. To speak in plain *English*,

Gold was the darling Passion of his Breast.

He, with Sir Gilbert, held it for a Rule,

That ev'ry Man in Want is Knave or Fool.

POPE.

and therefore resolv'd, like a prudent Minister, to make his Post as profitable as possible. In this, I have been inform'd, he only ap'd his Betters, and was but the Mimic of High-Life.

He had the Character of exerting a very peaceful Dominion ; few were the Offenders found during his Reign : And this gave no small Dissatisfaction to a neighbouring

Justice of the Peace, who suspected, and not without Cause, that his Highness was before-hand with him in levying Taxes, and secreted many things, which, had they escaped his manual Operation, must have fallen to the Share of his sagacious Worship, who was perfectly of the same Disposition, and was, if Report spoke of him truly, a close *Shaver*.

Mr. *Lock*, the Regent of the Night-Guard, upon whose Abilities, Merits, Capacity, and Qualifications, we have so learnedly discuss'd, found out soon, in his disguis'd Prisoners, the well-known Faces of Lord *Frake* and the 'Squire. The sundry Knocks which the latter had receiv'd, had no other Effect upon him, than recalling

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 173

ing his scatter'd Senses, and restoring him to his natural *Equilibrium*. My Lord was indeed in a worse Condition, he could scarcely stir Hand or Foot, and begg'd, in a very feeble Voice, a Surgeon might be sent for, to search his Hurts; for the Blood stream'd plentifully from his Head, round which *Sprightly* had bound an Handkerchief. They both cut a motley Figure; not only their Faces but their Clothes, were covered with certain black and yellow Streams, to which their diffus'd Blood had, here and there, afforded the Commixture of the *Tyrian* Dye. Let not the Critic here be led astray, and imagine the yellow which we have mentioned to be the Gold-Lace of their Clothes: No! the

yellow we mean, was a certain Ornament acquir'd in their Ren-counter, and which the Chastity of our Diction forbids us to mention.

While the Surgeon was dressing my Lord's Hurts, Mr. *Lock* was very loud in another Part of the Room, in examining the Carter, who has cut such a Figure in the foregoing Part of this Adventure.

"Well, but do you know, *Jack*

"*Sauce*, that you've almost kill'd

"a Peer." "Nay, I care not what

"he be," answer'd the Fellow,

who tho' not quite so black as a

Collier, was yet much dirtier than

many seen in the Mines, "but let

"him appear in the same Place

"again, on such another Errand,

"and I'll blow him and his Com-

"panion

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 175

“panion too, to Hell, that I will,
“a Couple of filching Dogs; what,
“nothing would serve them, but
“they must attempt stealing my
“Horse in the open Street, and
“cutting him out of my Cart; but
“I fancy I paid their Jackets for
“them, they’ll hardly go upon the
“the same Lay in Haste again, I
“believe.”

“Harkee, Friend,” replies Mr.
Lock, “my Advice to you is to go
“and beg his Lordship’s Pardon.”
“Beg the Devil’s Pardon,” answer’d
the Fellow, “Lordship indeed! no
“nor if it was his Worship, I
“would not beg his Pardon; I’ll
“Lordship him with a Pair of
“Darbies; there is a stronger House
“ready for him than ever his Fa-
“ther carried Mortar to, there he

" shall rest himself in the Morning:
 " Take my only Comfort from
 " me! *Blind Moll* and I have work'd
 " together late and early many a
 " long Year, and this here Son of
 " a nine-ey'd Whore has given her
 " a Thrust in the Buttock, which
 " it is well if ever she recovers;
 " however, he's safe in Limb, and
 " if he gets away, look to't Master
 " Constable." " If his Lordship has
 " done you any Damage," says the
 peaceable Mr. *Lock*, " I believe I
 " can prevail with him to make you
 " Satisfaction ; but don't be so hot,
 " have a little Patience."

" Patience, the Devil," says the
 Carter, " he shall satisfy me before
 " he gets out of my Sight, or I'll
 " know for what ; if he does not—
 Here he was interrupted by Mr.
Lock,

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 177

Lock, whom a Watchman had whisper'd in the Ear, and who starting up in Haste, and throwing down his Pipe, cried out, "What, two
" Ribs broke, and a Fraction in the
" Head! You have made a fine
" Night's Work of it, Sirrah; but
" I must take Care of you: Why,
" you Rascal, if his Lordship dies
" you'll be flea'd alive."

"Flea my Arse," says the Fellow, "the Devil takes Care of his
" own. But harkee, Mr. *Lock*,
" don't think I fear you or him
" either; be he a Lord, or a *Captain of Horse*, he shall pay me
" for the Damage he has done me;
" poor *Moll*, 'tis well if ever I shall
" see her alive again. I am glad,
" however, she has left him some-
" thing to remember her by;

“aye, damn me, that I am hear-
“tily.”

“What, Sirrah,” answers Mr. Lock, now a little ruffled in his Temper, “Is this the way you
“think of repairing an Injury done
“a Nobleman, a Man of the
“first Figure?—Why, you Vil-
“lain.”——

“I tell you, Mr. Constable, he’s
“a Scoundrel,” replies the Carter,
“and any body that takes his part;
“and he that does not like what I
“say, let him take the less of it,
“and kiss my Belly behind; and
“tho’ you are Constable of the
“Parish-watch, I’ll not be call’d
“Names by you, or any Bitch’s
“Baby like you; I don’t fear you,
“nor any Man that ever wore a
“Head; give me fair play, and I’ll
“box

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 179

“ box you for more than ever you’ll
“ get by pimping, you Soap-suds
“ Puppy, tho’ you were to grow to
“ be as grey as *Jerusalem*. An’t you
“ a Pimp, Sirrah? Can you deny
“ it? Don’t all the Garden know
“ it? And yet you’ll take on you
“ to abuse a poor pains-taking Man,
“ you Thief!”

“ A few more such scandalous
“ Insertions, Fellow,” replies our
enrag’d Rectifier of dishevell’d
Hair, “ and I’ll make you feel the
“ Power of my Authority.”

“ You and your Authority may
“ go to Hell together,” answers the
“ Carter, “ tho’ all the Lords and
“ Ladies in *England* were in the
“ way, I am an *Englishman* as well
“ as he, and a *Westminster Elector*,
“ you Dog; and as to your follow-
“ ing

“ing me, repeat it again, and I’ll
 “give you such a Knock, that
 “you’ll repent it as heartily as your
 “Friend, yonder, does his having
 “meddled with my *Moll*. I am a
 “better Fellow than you, you Scum
 “of the Kennel, you I can call for
 “a Penny to shave me, but I never
 “serv’d any body in my Life under
 “Sixpence.”

He would have proceeded much
 farther in this Insolence of Lan-
 guage, so unbefitting the Dignity of
 the Person to whom it was ad-
 dress’d, had not that magnanimous
 Shaver summon’d his *Myrmidons*
 to his Assistance, unable longer to
 endure such Taunts, and order’d
 them to secure that noisy *Rascal* in
 the *black Hole*.

The

The Word *Rascal* ecchoed in his Ear; and before the meditated Vengeance could be put in Execution, he, ducking suddenly down, darted his Head, with such Force and Agility, into the Guts of his Antagonist, that he fell breathless to the Floor, which trembled at his Courage. He now prepar'd to deal a thrifty Vengeance, and fatal might have been the Consequences of his Valour, since he was pre-resolv'd to give no Quarter to any one, who wore the Appearance of an Ally to the unfortunate defeated Governor of this Midnight Assembly; but he was happily prevented by the means of an uplifted Pole, which descending with prodigious Velocity upon the fore-part of his Head, oblig'd him, involuntarily,

to

to pay a Worship to which he had been little us'd, and he join'd his Lips, tho' not with the greatest Devotion, to the Dirt out of which he was form'd.

Once they had tumbled him, they took care to keep him down, till they had open'd the ponderous and (*not Marble*) but wooden Jaws of the Dungeon, into which they forc'd him, and shut him fast in Durance vile, to growl at Leisure o'er his Anguish; while Mr. *Lock*, who had only receiv'd a slight *Abscess*, was restor'd to his Health and Authority by the Help of a Dram of Rum, and a fresh Pipe of Tobacco, assuming his Chair of State with usual Gravity, and all the unmeaning Sufficiency of a *City Alderman*, or a *Country Justice*.

My

My Lord was, by this time, brought to himself, the Surgeon declaring the Acuteness of his Pains threatened him with an approaching Fever. A couple of Chairs were sent for, into which our two Heroes were put, and ordered according to their different Directions.

While the Chairmen are carrying them as easily as possible to their respective Mansions, in order to remove the Surprise with which I see Mr. *Lock's* Behaviour has struck you, it is not amiss to let you into a Secret which you did not know before, *viz. Sprightly*, fearing some very ill Consequence from this Rencounter, had, at his first Entrance into the Watch-house, squeez'd *Lock* close by the Hand, as a Mark of his Friendship, and
some

some of the Watchmen maliciously (for so it must be, the Constable being a Man of Honour) reported they soon after saw him examining a Guinea, by the Light of the Candle, as if he suspected its Weight.





C H A P. IV.

A Town Morning; a Justice of Peace and his Levee. Something about Mr. Justice Fielding. An impartial Sentence pass'd on Mr. Brimstone, with his subsequent laudable Conduct. Mr. Lock's Harangue about an Adventure, in which he manifests a great Tendre for Nobility. A positive Decision. Mr. Scrawl. A Dissertation on Street-walkers and Watchmen, very learn'd. A long Examination. A notable Discovery. The Court adjourn'd.

THE Sun had now almost gain'd the Meridian, the Oeconomical Housewife was preparing

paring Dinner for her industrious Husband; the male Votary of *Bacchus*, the female Votaries of *Venus*, and the *Card Table*, were stretching their debilitated Limbs, the first with an aching Head and squeamish Stomach, sitting down to his Chocolate, and the two latter with Faces like a Wall long White-wash'd, lolling over their different Breakfasts of Gin and Tea, some indeed without any Thing but Disease and Contemplation; the neighbouring *Bagnio's* were discharging their sinful Burdens of the Night, in close-curtain'd Chairs; the School-boy frolick'd in being free'd from his Book for his Dinner; and the Footman of a noted Coxcomb, waited at the Bar of the *Bedford Coffee-house*, for his Master's Breakfast,

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 187

Breakfast, who was just out of Bed, and turning over an old Book of Letters, thence to extract something tender for his dear *Nancy*, who on the other Hand curs'd her Fate for having fix'd her Choice on a Fellow of his Imbecility. The Justice was now descended, to assume his Chair of State, and administer *partial* Decision; let no future Critic presume to correct the Epithet, which we have awarded to Decision, by prefixing an *Im* to it, because it is not only contrary to our Intention, but to his Worship's usual Method of Proceeding, Mr. *Lock* had waited his public Appearance above three Hours, in order to surrender up his Charge, in the Account of the Night Watch; and the Carter, whom we left in Du-
rance

rance vile, cuts a remarkably ghastly Figure in the Conqueror's Train.

Here, perhaps, you may expect a Description of the Justice; if thou shouldst, Reader, thou art deceiv'd; if thou choosest to picturise him, we allow thee to adapt unto him that Figure which may please thee best, and if thou canst not immediately do it, apply to Mr. *Fielding*,] he will soon supply thee; mistake me not, imagining I intend thou shouldst reconcile him to the Person and Abilities of that *truly* judicious Gentleman; no, this is wide from our meaning, when we desire thee to apply for Assistance to Mr. *Fielding* in this Case, we desire thou shouldst consult him as a Writer, since no Man understands Life better,

better, nor is more happy in drawing Characters.

“ So, Mr. *Lock*,” says the *Justice*,
 “ I suppose your Report is as usual,
 “ pretty quiet in your Division,
 “ Eh! or do these tatterdemalion
 “ Gentry belong to you, Eh! a
 “ fine Collection, faith; where did
 “ you pick them up, Eh! keep
 “ them back; here where’s *Brim-*
 “ *stone* my Porter, why don’t you
 “ mind your Business, Rascal, I shall
 “ have these Vermin run into my
 “ Mouth, don’t you see how they
 “ crowd there, why the Fellow’s
 “ drunk.” This his first Sentence
 being really a very just one, would
 have led any body who did not
 know him, into the erroneous Opin-
 ion of his being really a Man of
 sound Sense; however the Com-
 mand

mand rous'd Mr. *Brimstone* from a Sort of *Reverie*, into which I fancy both my Reader and I, have been often plung'd, since we are certain his Thoughts were not clogg'd with any one Idea, not even *intellectual*: So starting up to the Manifestation of a Phizz, I can't call it Face, worse than that of the Devil in *Raphael's Day of Judgment*, and seizing a long Pole, which was the Mark of his Authority, he distributed two or three unmerciful Blows among the Wretches who surrounded him, not at all to the Consolation of the Shins on which it chanc'd to alight, with such good Success, that the Rank of Ragmuffians soon fell back, not indeed in Battle-array; and left his Worship at Liberty to breathe.

“ So,

"So, *Master Lock*, let's hear
"what you've to say."

"Not much an't please your
"Worship."

"Hum, aye I believe so, you
"never have, but go on," says the
"Justice."

"That young Woman charg'd
"two Gentlemen with an Attempt
"to rob her, last night, but it ap-
"pear'd on a strict Examination,
"that they were both Men of For-
"tune, Men of Distinction, please
"your Worship" (here Reader
observe that Mr. *Lock* knew no
more of the Circumstances of these
Gentlemen, whom he thus digni-
fied, than his having finish'd a
Crown Bowl of *Punch* with them
on occasion of this Accident, which
happen'd by chance to be as he

I

repre-

represented it, and purs'd a *mill'd*
Half-crown, extracted from one of
 their Fobs.) " And she is one of
 " a Gang of Street-robbers, who
 " infest the Garden and its Ave-
 " nues, they intended to have
 " plunder'd the Gentlemen, but
 " some People coming by, they
 " chang'd their Design into charg-
 " ing them with Robbery, in hopes
 " to frighten them thus out of a
 " Contribution; one of the Gentle-
 " men they knock'd down, and
 " abus'd terribly, however I came
 " up to their Rescue, very happily,
 " with a Party of the Watch, and
 " secur'd the Woman. Here's
 " *John Stocklong* knows her for
 " some Years to have been upon
 " this Lay, he has seen her often
 " put upon the Watch, and *wicked*
 " *Will*

"Will the Turnkey, who was
 " here with your Worship before
 " you came down, saw her as he
 " went up, he says her Face is
 " well known in *Newgate*."

"Ay, ay," says the *Justice*, "I
 " fancy she must march there again
 " from me, without good luck."
 Which good luck not being then
 of our side, or to speak more pro-
 perly, in her Pocket; to tip this
 Worship's *Clerk* for her Liberty, she
 was committed.

"That ill looking Fellow, that
 " hides his Face with a Silk Hand-
 " kerchief, was, I am certain, one
 " of her Accomplices; for I catch'd
 " him running a-cross the Garden,
 " in a greater hurry than an honest
 " Man need make; so please your
 " Worship I secur'd him."

VOL. I.

K

"You

“ You were right *Lock*,” says his Worship, “ it was your “ Duty.”

To this the young Man would have answer’d, but he was prevented by the *Justice*’s crying out, “ not a Word Sirrah, I’m sure “ you’re a Rogue by your Looks.”

“ The Gentlemen will be here “ soon to depose against them,” says *Lock*.

“ No matter for that,” answers his positive *Dignity*, “ I see guilt “ in their Faces; *Scrawl*, make “ out a Mittimus for each of them; “ were it not for the Care I take “ to clear this Division of Vagabonds, Robberies would be much “ more frequent hereabouts, than “ they are at present; Eh! *Lock*, “ what say’st thou, don’t you think

"I have been of some Service to
 "the City and Liberties since I
 "have been in Commission for the
 "Peace?"

"Your Worship," says *the Mid-*
night Officer, "is certainly as pru-
 "dent a Magistrate, as ever sat on
 "the Bench, and I could wish
 "the rest of the Liberties, were
 "defended by Men of such great
 "Goodness and extensive Know-
 "lege."

"A Fig for Knowledge," answers
 he, "*I do Justice*, and that serves
 "my Turn; *Lock*, you're a careful
 "Fellow, and when my Morn-
 "ing's Business is over, I'd have
 "you come and take a Cup of my
 "Ale, I want to talk with you
 "a little, I know you're a Man of
 "Sense."

Lest you should be surpris'd at this Freedom between the *Justice* and *Constable*, be pleas'd to remember (or if you don't, turn over a few Pages and you will find it) that we hinted a Suspicion of Mr. *Lock's* being very open-hearted, or rather open-handed (I mean to receive, for he let nothing slip thro' his Fingers) to have long lain dormant in his Worship's Breast; and he imagin'd by a Cultivation of a closer Intimacy with this subaltern Magistrate, he might arrive at a still closer search into the *Worth* of Offenders.

The other Wretches, whom this pigmy Giant in power, had detain'd, were selected from among those Objects of Misery, who having neither Money or Shame, are the

the Nocturnal Tenants of Shop-doors and forsaken Bulks, which in every Corner strike the aching Eye of him who at a late Hour passes thro' the Streets of *London* and *Westminster*; these were the *Afylums* which he had stripp'd of their Inhabitants, while the most noted Houses of Debauchery, lying in his Walk, were pass'd by unmolested; tho' their Doors gape on every Side for the unwary Passenger, like so many whelming Gulphs of Destruction: At which, generally, some of the *fair* and *foul* Votaries of *Venus*, in most of whom these contraries unite, cast out their Allurements for the Purse-proud Fool; while others of them sally out, and range the benighted Streets in search of him.

*Beneath the Lamp her tawdry Ribbons glare,
 The new scour'd Manteau, and the flattern Air;
 High draggled Petticoats her Travels show,
 And hollow Cheeks with artful Blushes glow;
 With flatt'ring Sounds she sooths his cred'ulous Ear,
 My noble Captain! Charmer! Love! my Dear!
 She darts from languid Eyes her wily Leers,
 Twitches thy Sleeve, or with familiar Airs,
 Her Fan will pat thy Cheek; these Snares disdain,
 Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.*

GAY.

*Let her in vain display her wanton Fire,
 Nor let thy Bosom swell with gross Desire;
 For black Infections dwell within her Arms,
 Feign'd is her Love, and false are all her Charms.*

NOSTRI.

The Progress and Designs of these Ladies are very seldom disturb'd by the Night Watch, nothing is more common than to see them conjunctively retire to the Saloop or Gin-shop, where the former generally pays the Price of their mutual

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 199

mutual Intoxication. Sometimes indeed, her Pocket

Turns forth it's Silver Lining on the Night.

MILTON.

as a surety of her Honesty and Good-nature; at other Times,

To the dark Alley Arm in Arm they move;

Oh! may no Link-boy interrupt their Love.

GAY.

However this happens rarely, for the Watch have seldom any other Passions to gratify, than Avarice and Drunkenness; this Office being seldom fill'd with any other Persons than such as have outliv'd the Desires naturally provok'd by an Intimacy of the Sexes.

In them the Fires of Love extinguisht lie,

And Age and Ills have sap'd their vital Juices.

And as the Prostitute, preys upon the Cull whose Appetite she is to gratify, so does the Watchman upon the belated Citizen, whose Intemperance compells him to fly for Defence and Assistance to the Watchman's Lanthorn and Legs; whose Purse, Watch, or more convenient Handkerchief, this attentive Guardian seldom fails to transfer to his own ready Custody.

After this motley Group had been severally examin'd, and dispers'd either to peopling *Bridewell* or re-infesting the Streets, the preceding Night's Damager of Nobility,

Tho' last, not least in Fault, was now produc'd.

"Here, please your Worship," says Mr. *Lock*, "is one of the most audacious Villains that ever liv'd,
" he

“ he has dar’d to assault and com-
 “ mit Violence on the Persons of
 “ the Right Honourable the Lord
 “ *Frake* and ‘Squire *Sprightly*, two
 “ Persons of the greatest Worth and
 “ Honour imaginable, and after
 “ using them grossly ill, had the
 “ Impudence to charge the Watch
 “ with them, and when I very
 “ civilly demanded in what they
 “ had offended him, he made no
 “ more to do, but knock’d me
 “ down as flat as a Frying-pan, and
 “ if some of the honest People in
 “ the Watch-house had not pre-
 “ vented him, and help’d to secure
 “ him, I don’t know but he in-
 “ tended to murder me, and all
 “ for asking him a civil Question.”

“ Hum,” says the *Justice*, “ bad,
 “ very bad indeed, why if such

" Rogues are to be let go un-
 " punish'd, nobody's safe at Night.
 " Abuse a Man of the first Rank,
 " and then shut him up in a Watch-
 " house, what unparalell'd Info-
 " lence! We must submit his
 " Punishment to my Lord himself.
 " Who's there to run for me to
 " the Marquis of *Mendax's* House
 " with my humble Respects, and
 " tell him I should be proud to see
 " my Lord *Frake* here; here, *Tom*
 " *Brimstone*, take your Hat, and
 " make all the haste possible—Eh!
 " No! stay you here, *Scrawl* will
 " do it better, be sure *Scrawl* you
 " acquit yourself handsomely, tell
 " his Lordship I wish I could wait
 " on him myself—but this damn'd
 " Gout—and, dy'e hear *Scrawl*,
 " I should be glad to know how
 " he'll

" he'll have this Fellow punish'd.
 " Send somebody too for 'Squire
 " *Sprightly*, be quick now, be
 " sure and take great Care of my
 " Compliments. Well, you Rascal,
 " stand before me there, what have
 " you to say for yourself, Eh!
 " Scoundrel, you'll be made an
 " Example of! speak you Dog."

" Why, an't please your Ma-
 " jesty," says the frightened Offender,
 " it is not for how that I knew he
 " was a Lord, for as you may think,
 " I knew no more of it than I do
 " of the Day I was born, and I am
 " sure your Worship does not re-
 " member that, but if your Ma-
 " jesty's Lordship will please to en-
 " quire in the Parish where I have
 " liv'd this five Years, and twenty
 " to the Back of it, you'll find me
 " as

“ as inclement and temporal a Man
“ as ever resisted, only I am apt
“ to take a little too much spiritual
“ Liquor sometimes, when my
“ Hand’s in, and that makes no
“ body troublesom but my Wife;
“ but that’s neither here nor there
“ please your Honour: For I was
“ emptying out ’Squire *Timbertoe’s*
“ Back-house, and I am sure your
“ Majesty thought no more harm
“ of it, than I do, and so I catch’d
“ two Men going to run away
“ with blind *Moll*, who thought
“ as much of them as she does of
“ her dying Day, and God knows
“ but that may be just here, for I
“ am sure she has suffer’d enough
“ by them, and I can’t help cry-
“ ing when I think of her, for
“ yourself would be willing to main-
“ tain

"tain an old Companion, and she
 "and I have been for some Years
 "acquainted, but *Moll* had her
 "Revenge; for I heard somebody
 "say as how she had tipp'd one of
 "them a swinging Knock; and
 "now as I've said all I had to say,
 "I hope your Lordship will allow
 "me to go about my Business, and
 "I will take care never more to
 "defend your Worship on no ac-
 "count whatsomdever."

The honest Carter having thus
 learnedly, as he thought, stated his
 Case, made a low Scrape, and was
 going without farther Ceremony to
 take himself away, when his Wor-
 ship stopp'd him with,

"Here's Impudence for you;
 "stay, you Rascal: And so there
 "was a Whore in the Case, was
 "there?

“there? Let somebody go and
 “fetch that blind *Moll* before me,
 “a sad Jade I warrant her—

“Ah, sad enough, please your
 “Majesty,” replies the Carter, “I
 “am sure they made her so; they’ll
 “find her at *Swaddle’s*, my Land-
 “lord in *Hog-Lane*, for we lie
 “in the same House together;
 “I desir’d *Dick Swaddle*, who
 “works with me, to get *Dr. Gar-*
 “bage to look at her: However ho-
 “nest *Dick* will fetch her, if she’s
 “able to come, and then you’ll see
 “how I’ve been abus’d.”

Here the Arrival of Mr. *Sprightly*,
 in a Chair, ended this Discourse;
 who being introduc’d to his Wor-
 ship, instantly undertook the Dis-
 charge of the Carter, at the same
 time slipping five Guineas into his
 Hand,

Hand, to make Amends for any Loss he might have sustained by the Damage done to his Mare, as much to the Surprise of the Carter, who bless'd him with all the Rapture of Enthusiasm, as of the Justice, who was heartily vexed at losing an Opportunity of showing his Respect to the Marquis's Family, by inflicting some Punishment upon this Fellow, who had dar'd to defend himself when attack'd by a Lord.

Mr. *Sprightly* having complimented the Justice in the genteelest Manner, for his polite Behaviour, turn'd upon his Heel to depart, when a Voice, utter'd from amongst a Crowd of poor Wretches, huddled up in a Corner of the Room, with which he thought himself not unacquainted, sounded in his Ear a
Repe-

Repetition of his Name, and on stopping to find out to whom it belong'd, was surpris'd to behold one of his own Servants in Custody.

"Pray, Sir," says he, "what has my Servant done to be detain'd here?"

"How, Mr. *Sprightly*!" answers his Worship, "your Servant? here, Mr. *Lock*, what have you to alledge against the 'Squire's Servant?"

"The 'Squire's Servant," answers *Lock*, "nay, if he be the 'Squire's Servant, I've no more to say to him, I believe your Worship may discharge him."

"Nay, not so fast," says the 'Squire, "if he has given Occasion for this Detainer, I've nothing to say to him, for I would not screen my own Brother from
Justice;

" Justice : But however, *Tom*, let
 " us hear what you have to say in
 " your Defence ? For I assure you,
 " Mr. *Precedent* (the Justice's Name)
 " if he has transgress'd the Laws I
 " disclaim him."

" Why, Sir," says *Tom*, " after
 " my Lady came from the Play last
 " Night, she staid up pretty late, in
 " Expectation of your coming
 " home; and then she order'd me
 " to go back for you, and wait on
 " you home for fear of Accidents ;
 " so, Sir, I went to two or three
 " Taverns in search of you ; and
 " having found that you sup'd at
 " the *Bedford-Head*, I went there
 " after you ; you were just gone, as
 " the Chairmen at the Door told
 " me, with Lord *Frake*, a-cross
 " the Garden, and running pretty
 " hard

" hard to overtake you, if possible,
 " I was stopp'd just at the Sun-dial,
 " by two or three Watchmen, who
 " charg'd me with being one of
 " those who had just before com-
 " mitted a Robbery, in Conjunction
 " with an idle Woman, upon two
 " Gentlemen. I made some Resist-
 " ance, to be sure, on being accus'd
 " wrongfully ; upon which Master
 " Constable there, cramm'd me
 " down into a Hole, where, with
 " several more Companions of both
 " Sexes, I was almost squeez'd to
 " Death. And this Morning, when
 " I was brought before his Wor-
 " ship, and would have told him
 " who I was, he would not hear
 " me make any Answer, but order'd
 " me to be committed to Jail ; and
 " had not your Honour come in so
 " very

"very luckily, I might, for aught
 "that I know, have been carried
 "from Jail to be hang'd, and no
 "body the wiser for it."

The Justice made no Reply to
 this Charge of the Servant, but told
 his Master that he might take his
 Servant with him. "As to Mr.
 "Lock's stopping him, 'Squire, said
 "he, we must excuse it, 'tis his
 "Business to examine every Person
 "who gives room for Suspicion; I
 "am glad, for the young Man's
 "sake, that he's innocent, and has
 "so good a Friend to appear for
 "him; the World's come to such
 "a Pass, that there's hardly any
 "distinguishing between honest Peo-
 "ple and Rogues; the latter too
 "often pass on us for the for-
 "mer."

After

After the necessary Compliments
between the Justice and the 'Squire,
the latter departed with his Man,
ordering his Chair home.



CHAP.



C H A P. V.

Mr. Sprightly's sally out. A physical Quarrel prevented. Affectation of Grandeur. A Conference between Mr. Sprightly and the Marquis of Mendax. Its Consequence as comfortable as unexpected. Sprightly's Resolution. The Marquis's real Intentions. His great Services to Sprightly.

MR. *Sprightly* having dress'd himself very handsomly, set out on a Visit to Lord *Frake*, who, as he was inform'd, was confin'd to his Bed, by the Hurts receiv'd in the late Rencounter : He arriv'd at
the

the Door just time enough to prevent a Quarrel, concerning their respective Skill, between two Physicians, whom the Marquis had turn'd into the Street, for disagreeing about what was proper for his Lordship, and disputing so loudly as to disturb his Repose; on the Interposition of Mr. *Sprightly*, he who had the worst of the Fray, whipp'd into his Chariot with as much Celerity as the celebrated Dr. *C—l—n*, when bound to the Playhouse, to solace himself in the Eyes of his favourite Actress, or to his Publisher to raise a new Subsidy, when his Cash is at ebb, ordering his Chariot to drive to Sir *George Littleton's*, though he chang'd his Mind before he was out of the next Street, and directed that he might be set down at the
Prince

Prince of Orange's Coffee-house; and I am convinc'd he made use of that Gentleman's Name, to whom he was quite unknown, to impress an Awe on his Antagonist, who, tho' a Man of much greater Abilities, had not yet reach'd a Chariot.

Mr. *Sprightly* was shewn into a Parlour, and had waited near half an Hour, without being introduc'd to Lord *Frake*, as usual, a Neglect, into the Cause of which he was going to enquire, when the Marquis himself appear'd, who receiv'd his Salute with an unaccustom'd Haughtiness; and having coldly bade him sit, began thus:

" Mr. *Sprightly*, I find, from
 " Lord *Frake*, that you were the
 " only Person in his Company last
 " Night; therefore to you I attri-
 " bute

“bute the Misfortune that befel
 “him, under which he now la-
 “bours. I expected that a Man of
 “your good Sense would have
 “taken more Care of such a wild
 “young Fellow, that your Pru-
 “dence would have been a Check
 “upon his greatness of Spirit, and
 “restrain’d the wild Sallies of his
 “volatile Genius, from embarking
 “in Adventures either hurtful to
 “his Constitution, or detrimental
 “to his Character. But the con-
 “trary is very evident, from last
 “Night’s Affair.”

“My Lord,” says he, “I am
 “sorry to find it has prov’d of such
 “ill Consequence, as to confine
 “his Lordship, but upon my Ho-
 “nour, I did my utmost to keep
 “him in due Bounds, and I
 “I assure

“ assure you, it was a Rencounter
 “ in which I suffer'd severely.”

“ Sir, reply'd the *Marquis*, you
 “ must blame your own Indiscretion,
 “ if I tell you, that I no longer
 “ esteem you as before; and I
 “ have given my Son such strict
 “ Orders to break off all Intercourse
 “ with you, that I am sure he
 “ will not dare to disobey. I once
 “ had, thro' his Recommendation,
 “ and your own genteel Deport-
 “ ment, your Interest greatly at
 “ Heart; but here I disclaim it,
 “ and be assur'd, on account of
 “ the Disorders in which you em-
 “ bark'd my Son last Night, while
 “ I have the Honour to serve the
 “ Crown, I will, as much as pos-
 “ sible, prevent your getting the
 “ least Settlement at Court, I believe

“ I know all your Friends, and
“ trust me I’ll do what I promise;
“ for misleading my Son, I never
“ can forgive. No later than
“ Yesterday I had intended a Post,
“ worth above five hundred Pounds
“ a Year for you, but I have been
“ forc’d to change my Mind since,
“ and have appointed the eldest
“ Son of Mr. Serjeant *Trigland* to
“ it; it is not an Hour since I fill’d
“ the Patent with his Name, and
“ sent it to be pass’d thro’ the pro-
“ per Offices.”

“ I flatter myself,” answer’d
the astonish’d *Sprightly*, “ that a
“ little Reflection will cool your
“ Lordship’s undeserv’d Resent-
“ ment; and I think my Lord
“ *Frake’s* own Account of this
“ Matter, will assist in restoring
I “ me

"me to your Lordship's good
 "Opinion."

"Lord *Frake*," replied the
 Marquis, "is at present too much
 "indispos'd to attend such trivial
 "Matters. Sir *Cyril Panic*, who
 "attends him, has order'd him to
 "be kept as quiet as possible, and
 "as my Lord knows my Resolves
 "he will abide by them; so you
 "need not endeavour to perplex
 "him." "Well, Sir, says *Sprightly*,
 "since you have thought fit to
 "withdraw your Friendship from
 "me, I hope you will leave me,
 "unmolested, to try my other
 "Friends; I hope, nay, I think, I
 "have some; I have long been de-
 "pendant on the Court, and have
 "expended a handsom Fortune."

“Your Extravagance,” answer’d
 the Marquis, “is nothing to me,
 “it is your own fault, I shall al-
 “ways be glad to hear of your
 “Welfare, but you must not think
 “of any farther Connexion with
 “my Family. I see General *Rave-*
 “*lin’s* Coach stop at the Door, I
 “must wait on him, only let me
 “observe to you, Mr. *Sprightly*,
 “I am unalterable in my Resolves;
 “and am, Sir, your most Obedient
 “Servant.”

Having thus unburden’d himself,
 this honest Nobleman quitted the
 Room with a malicious Sneer, leav-
 ing poor *Sprightly* astonish’d at the
 Conference.

If thou hast ever observ’d my
 Friend *Garrick*, when in the Play
 of *Romeo*, he receives the News of

Juliet's Death, then thou mayst picture to thyself the Stupefaction which assail'd him; nor was the Loss of one, beyond the Disappointment of the other; both missing the Compact of Life and Soul. He was now fully persuaded of the Fallacy of his Dependance, and saw his Hopes melt like Ice before the Sun. However, as he never let any thing go near his Heart, he pluck'd up a good Spirit, and determining that the Marquis's Threats should never dismay him, laid by the next Day, to try the Power and Sincerity of his Friends; so clapping on a contented Face, and putting a Half-crown into the Porter's Hand, for he never chose to appear ungenteel, he retir'd.

Now, generous Reader, lest you should mistake this dignify'd Marquis's Proceeding, to have arisen from Honour, or even Conscience, it is necessary you should be set right. Know then, from his first Acquaintance with Mr. *Sprightly*, he had cajol'd him with Promises of a handsom Provision, without the least Intention to perform them, only that he might have the Reputation of adding a Man of Wit and Spirit to the Number of his Dependents; hoping thus to obtain the Character of patronizing Desert, taking Care to hint his Friendship for him to every body. Having fix'd this Report firmly, he only watch'd a fair Opportunity of breaking off with him genteely, and in such a manner that all the blame should

should fall on himself. Here was a fair Occasion, and my Lord, who always took Time, as Men of Intrigue do Women, by the Forelock, laid hold of it.

It was his Levee-Day, and he took care to whisper about so cautiously, Mr. *Sprightly's* Imprudence and Ingratitude to him, in leading his Son into Scenes of Riot and Debauchery, whereby his Life was endanger'd, that in three Hours after they parted, it was the whole Town talk. And People, who were sufficiently assur'd of Lord *Frake's* Tendency to Vice, without needing a Guide to shew him the Road, had, or at least, seem'd to have, wrought themselves into a Belief of *Sprightly's* Imprudence, and advanc'd the Marquis's dis-

224 MEMOIRS of the
carding him as a Piece of nice
Justice.

As to the Post conferr'd on Mr.
Trigland, in prejudice to him, the
Cause of its being so dispos'd of,
appear'd in the Marchioness's
Chamber, under the Form of a
very large *Indian* Cabinet, inlaid
with a beautiful Mosaic Work of
Gold, Ivory, and true Lapis La-
zuli; and adorn'd with a curious
Set of small Pictures, representing
the Life and Adventures of *Moses*,
by the Hand of a celebrated *Italian*
Artist.

Hence it is certain, that not-
withstanding his Lordship's good-
natur'd Declaration, he no more
intended to reward our Spark with
the five hundred Pounds *per annum*,
which he spoke of to him, than he
did

SHAKESPEAR'S HEAD. 225

did of surrendering his own Posts,
which were as dear to him as Life.
In short, the Marquiss,

*In the Presence would say Untruths, and be ever
double*

Both in Word and Meaning.

His Promises were mighty,

But his Performance——nothing.



CHAP.



C H A P. VI.

A new supply rais'd. Great familiarity of a Courtier. A remarkable Preference. Captain Waddle's great Merit. Shews his Courage at Scarborough, to the Confusion of Ireland.

WE have observ'd before, that tho' Mr. *Sprightly's* Affairs were in the most ruinous Condition, the gaiety, natural to his Disposition, led him to bear up to the last with a tolerable good Assurance: He had very little Money left, but sending privately for a Usurer, made over his Plate and House-

Household-furniture to him, upon a Bill of Sale, by which he put five hundred in his Pocket, resolving if he found the rest of his Friends of the same Stamp with the Marquis, to retire from Town as soon as possible.

The Morning after this Bargain was made, having arm'd his Internals with an hearty Breakfast, and his Externals with a handsom embroider'd Suit of Clothes, he set out on a Visit to Lord *Letoile*, who receiv'd him with an Air of Good-nature portentive of Success; after being familiarly invited to a Chair, he address'd his Lordship thus: " My Lord, you
 " always treated me, since first I
 " had the Honour of being known
 " to you, with a Politeness pecu-
 " liar to yourself, and I remember
 " you

“you told me often, if I had Oc-
“casion to use your Interest, I
“might command it.” “Cer-
“tainly,” replied my Lord, “it
“is what you may always com-
“mand.” “To speak ingenuously
“then, my Lord,” said he, “I
“am now oblig’d to require it.
“If I chance to succeed, I shall
“not leave it to Words only to
“proclaim my Gratitude.” “Why,
“Mr. *Sprightly*,” answer’d he, “I
“always thought you a Man of
“infinite Merit, but as the Mar-
“quis of *Mendax* has taken you
“under his Care, and often de-
“clar’d to me, there was nothing
“in his power to do for you,
“which he would neglect, you
“must excuse me from interfering;
“his Lordship’s Influence at Court
“is

" is far beyond mine, nobody can
 " be so much a Friend as he can,
 " if he pleases; I am satisfy'd of
 " his good Inclinations to you,
 " and would have you apply to
 " him." " But, my Lord," inter-
 rupted our Petitioner, " there's an
 " Affair of such vast Consequence
 " which—" " my Dear *Sprightly*,"
 interrupted his Lordship, " I am
 " satisfy'd let your Affair be of
 " ever such Consequence, the Mar-
 " quis can conduct it; between
 " you and I, I have such a Num-
 " ber of Relations who depend
 " upon me, for whom I must pro-
 " vide, that faith——here, *John*,
 " whose Coach was that stopp'd at
 " the Door? I am afraid *Sprightly*
 " that I must be rude to you,
 " there's a Lady come in, and
 " when

“when a Lady’s in the case you
“know,——”

Here a Servant appear’d in obedience to the Summons of his Lordship’s Chamber-bell. “So, “Sirrah,” says he, “how often “must I ring before any of you “think it worth while to answer “me, I suppose you were asleep, “a lazy Dog!——whose Coach is “that at the Door?” “My Lady “*Waddle’s*, my Lord;” “Lady “*Waddle*! Oh! make her my “*Baifemains*, and tell her, that I “will wait on her in two Minutes, “shew her into the Library.” “Yes! my Lord.”

“Why now, *Sprightly*, perhaps “you’d hardly think her Ladyship “is my Wife’s second Cousin, she “comes to sollicit my Interest, “about

" about a Commiffion in the Guards,
 " now vacant, in behalf of her
 " Son. I have had him in the
 " Army thefe three Years, he is as
 " yet but a Captain of Dragoons;
 " yet I affure you, Captain *Waddle*
 " is as pretty a Fellow, and has as
 " true Merit as any Gentleman
 " who was ever honour'd with the
 " King's Commiffion. As you
 " are a particular Friend, I need
 " not fcruple telling you that Col-
 " lonel *Counterscarp* of the Guards,
 " died late laft Night, and I intend
 " to fecure his Company for the
 " Captain, as no body more truly
 " deferves it. As the Collonel has
 " been for fome time ill, I have
 " taken care to fecure it, thro'
 " the Means of Lieutenant Gene-
 " ral *Curtain*, in return for hav-
 " ing

“ing preferr’d his Nephew *Jack*
 “*Hollow* to a Collectorship of Ex-
 “cise; I know this is the old La-
 “dy’s Business with me, and I must
 “run away to her—you know you
 “may always command me,—
 “excuse my leaving you—Ne-
 “cessity——’tis nothing between
 “Friends——Oh! *Sprightly!* pray
 “solicit the Marquis, he’s a very
 “good Friend; and for your own
 “Sake, I would not have it
 “known that you solicited any
 “body else; go, be advis’d, your
 “Servant, your Servant!

This Medley of Goodnature and
 Insincerity, gave our Dependant
 but an indifferent View of what
 he had farther to expect in his
 Progress. He knew Lady *Waddle*
 to be the Widow of an extrava-
 gent

gant Knight, who had left her worth little or nothing, but Nature had endow'd her with excellent Talents for conducting an Intrigue, a Perfection that recommended her, strongly, to the Recommendation, and Protection of many People of the first Fashion, who subscrib'd each, a pretty large Sum of Money, to set her up in a Gaming-house, where she made a shift to live extremely well upon her Industry : Here People of Quality had an Opportunity of meeting as it were in public, and being, without any body's noticing them, private; as Rooms were kept always in order for their Reception. And as for the young Soldier whom his Lordship so highly extoll'd, few Persons are ignorant, that on his

expressing himself a little too familiarly in *Scarborough* Long-Room, about the Kingdom of *Ireland*, a little after this Conference, an *Irish* Gentleman who was standing by, in order to strengthen the Testimony of this military Hero, had applied his Fingers, in the Form of a Vice, to the protuberant Part of his Face, which he thus held fast, while, with a quick Motion, he set his Foot in Contact with his Breech, and as it redounded from it, still sent it back with greater Velocity, until the Hero's vociferous Treble, imploring for Mercy, brought some of the Company to rescue him from the unrelenting Hands of the Descendant of the famous *Brian Boromhe*. Nor did he escape unhurt, for
while

while he felt a very severe Pain in the Handle of his Face, the collateral Superficies of which had been squeez'd so close to the central Gristle, that he fear'd they would never divide again, or exhale to their natural Form: His Seat of Honour was impress'd with other Marks of the *Hibernian's* pedestrian Ferocity; and it was on this very Account that his Lordship's Interest prov'd ineffectual, and that instead of being preferr'd in the Guards, he was try'd and broke for Cowardise.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.



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